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THE PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE—BY THE AUTHOR OF PELHAM, EUGENE ARAM, &C.

“ Wilt thou forget the happy hours,
Which we buried in love's sweet bowers,
Heaping over their corpses cold
Blossoms and leaves, instead of mould ?” SHELLEY.

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Harper & Brothers.

IT is not now, for the first time, that our opinion concerning the degree and peculiarities of Mr. Bulwer's genius is to be laid before the public. Within the brief space that has elapsed since the commencement of our periodical existence, it has already been our lot to devote two separate papers to the examination of works, on widely different topics, from his fertile pen; and all, who are acquainted with us, must needs be aware of the very high estimation in which we hold the author of Pelham, whether as a novelist, a political economist, or a pure writer of “English undefiled.” We have long ago stated it to be our deliberate judgment, that, since the death of Sir Walter, Bulwer holds undoubtedly the highest place, above all living writers of fiction; and that James, Grattan, Edgeworth, and others of unquestionable excellence, must yet be content to yield the palm to the most philosophical of English Romancers; while our countryman, Irving, is alone able to contest with him the praise, due to the purest, the most classical, and most chaste style of an age, abounding beyond example in cultivated understandings, and imaginative minds.

Our expectations were, therefore, highly excited by the announcement of a new work from the author of Pelham, nor were we at all dismayed or reduced to despair by the unaccountable postponements to which it has been subject; for we were not then aware that the procrastination was to be attributed, not to the author, but to the embellisher; not to the elaborate finish of the letter-press, but to the less admirable, though perhaps not less admired, execution of the engravings. We will confess, however, that our hearts sank within us, when we learned that the “Pilgrims of the Rhine” was not a novel depending on its own intrinsic merits for its share of popular applause, but a publication relying chiefly on the beautiful but meretricious adornments, which we have found, almost invariably, to be adopted rather as veils for deformity, than as foils to superior loveliness; and we regret to say, that our fears have been justified by the event far more than our expectations.

"The Pilgrims of the Rhine" is to all intents and purposes an annual,—the literary matter subsidiary to the exquisite line engravings, and decidedly unworthy of Bulwer. It is perhaps well enough for Allan Cunningham and Leitch Ritchie, "*et hoc genus omne*,"—who, although clearly possessed of some talent, will as clearly perish like the ephemera whom the premature heat of an unseasonable day has forced into existence, to be frozen on the morrow—should apply themselves to the trade, not to the science, of book-making. Their *prettinesses*—it is the highest praise we can in conscience offer—are best and most fittingly displayed in the illustration of pretty etchings, pretty engravings, pretty annuals! But that an author such as Bulwer, a writer who has done more to elevate the style of fictitious composition than any man, except the mighty Scott; a shrewd inquirer into all mysteries, whether relating to the government of the individual human heart, or of vast communities; an able critic, and a judge of literary merit surpassed by few; that such a spirit as this should have condescended to bind his wild wing down to the tame limits of a book-seller's speculation, is indeed lamentable.

It is not to these embellishments in particular, nor to embellished works in general, that we would object;—they are beautiful, in all cases, as ornaments for a *boudoir*, to be displayed upon a lady's table with *bijouterie*, and French perfumes and hot-house flowers, and a thousand other nameless nothings; and would be exquisite additions, if judiciously adapted, even to works of standard merit. But the fault, of which we complain, is simply this, that the works are rarely of standard, frequently of *no* merit. We do not hesitate to prefer Murray's edition of Byron with Finden's lovely landscapes, to any other copy; we do not pause to consider whether even a Bible be not more acceptable, when our imagination is assisted by designs glowing with natural or ideal beauty; because in both these instances, as in a thousand others, which might be easily enumerated, the engravings *are* illustrations, decorating, explaining, illuminating the charms of the text; while in the class of works, which we have undertaken here to reprehend, the text is merely subservient to, or illustrative of, exquisite works of art, far more valuable, in our opinion, as a collection for a portfolio, than when embodied in a mass of mere inanity.

If, therefore, in the present instance, this had been the case; if Bulwer had written, as he was wont to write, a book on his own plan, interesting, almost exciting in plot, rich in the knowledge of the heart, varied with graphic description, and above all, fraught with those delicious and melancholy musings, which render him the most poetical of all prose writers, which render him in truth a poet—for the essence of poetry lies not in the measured harmony of rhythm, in the number of syllables, or the cadence of accents, but in glowing language, noble sentiment, deep thoughts, and ardent aspirations;—if he had written such a book, in short, as the *Disowned*, or *Devereux*, or *Eugene Aram*, and then the publisher had deemed it a profitable adventure to risk his capital in adapting to its pages the kindred illustrations of the pencil, we should have rejoiced to add our mite of approbation to the treasures of praise and fame, which would have been heaped up alike for the Editor and the *Proprietor*. At present, alas! we can only lament that Mr. Bulwer should have prostituted his noble pen to be a mere

instrument for money-making ; that he should have turned from his pursuit of renown, to the soul-debasing search for lucre.

It is very far, however, from our intention to assert that the "Pilgrims of the Rhine" is entirely devoid of those merits, which have acquired in his former productions so much celebrity for the author : nor would it, indeed, be possible for Bulwer to compose anything entirely deficient in talent, or originality. Genius, howsoever it may be narrowed down by its association with unworthy objects, howsoever it may be disgraced by misapplication, or obscured by carelessness, is genius still. And if the muse of Bulwer has, in the "Pilgrims of the Rhine," lost a portion of her visible divinity, it is not that she is the less a goddess, but that her heavenly glories are concealed beneath a pitiful disguise ; mortal she could not for a moment be supposed, for at intervals the grace of the immortal glimmers out, and her heavenly origin is displayed, like that of Venus, by the stateliness and freedom of her gait.

Boldly, therefore, and decidedly, we dissent from those, who have cried up this flashy emptiness as a mighty work of imagination. Elegant it may be, but, like most elegancies, it is weak and flimsy. The musings are, for the most part, far more common-place, far shallower, and above all, far less poetical, than the sweet dreams with which he used "to lap our spirits in Elysium ;" the humor is not humorous, because far-fetched and overstrained ; the Episodes are ill-connected, and, to take it all in all, it is below comparison inferior to anything that has heretofore been given to the world under the name of Bulwer.

In order to make our opinion its own defender, we shall go somewhat largely into the consideration of the whole, as well as of the detached portions, and shall select, in conclusion, one or more of those passages in which the sparkle of genius is still manifest. And firstly, we find here the same objection, which has been so justly brought against the *Disowned*, although in that work it is overlooked amidst the admiration which is excited by the prominent beauties of the whole,—the double plot!—Any thing that tends in the least degree to diminish the unity of interest, is undoubtedly a very material fault, in any work ; and, even where the *dramatis personæ* of the distinct plots are connected by some incidents, and have occasional points of common interest, is far more judiciously avoided. In this instance, however, it is most obnoxious, as there is no community of interest, no unity of action, no connection whatsoever between the two sets of Pilgrims whose adventures are so wildly interwoven.

The Pilgrims are, indeed, twofold ; we have a set of fairies, modern, fashionable, *unnatural* fairies—not the freakish, sportive, aerial, and poetical beings of our English poets, our Shakspeare or our Spencer ; but earthly, substantial, and altogether very silly and inconceivable conceptions of a school which will, we trust, proceed no further in its growth—who start from the green woods and dewy lawns of England, on a voyage of pleasure to the land of song, and chivalry, and dark tradition, the feudal margin of the Rhine. The part which these supernatural visitors play in Mr. Bulwer's work, is alike inconsiderable, and meagre in its conception. The English fairies flirt with the German fays, visit the gnomes, and elves, and wild huntsmen of Allmayn, and sing and dance, and moralize to no purpose whatsoever ; and, if the author has imagined that he was perpetrating

humor in adapting the slang of modern fashion, or the jargon of political economy, to the most singularly beautiful of national superstitions, we can only assure him that he has failed most mournfully.

We imagine that the idea of this double plot has originated in a desire of exhibiting the wild and gloomy creations of Teutonic fancy in stronger contrast to the similar, yet how different, conceptions of his native poets, and in more brilliant relief, by bringing them actually upon the stage, than he could have done by means of mere narrative or legendary story. Nor, taking this view of the subject, has he been at all more successful than in the ostensible light; for, owing to the fact that his fairies are mere nonentities, and that neither the English nor German sprites possess any of the established traits of their national character, there is no exhibition, no contrast, and nothing in the smallest degree striking or original. The best portions of the faëry fiction are,—the discovery of the solitary faun, who, having followed the Roman conquerors from the bright waters and blue skies of Italy to the dark forests of the Taunus mountains, has endured a solitary life of harmonious melancholy, apart from the ruder elves which people the German shades; avoided by his fellows of the wood, and stream, and mine, and unhonored, because unknown, by the less imaginative inhabitants of this foreign clime;—and the encounter between the fairies and the spirit of death, the whole conception of the latter personage being new, original, and exquisite, in its solemnity and its truth. It is on account of these merits that we have thought it most worthy to be extracted, not as a specimen,—for that would be to raise too sanguine expectations concerning its excellence,—but as the master-piece of the supernatural in the "Pilgrims of the Rhine."

"A sudden recollection broke upon Nymphalin. 'Alas, alas!' she cried, wringing her hands; 'what have I done? In journeying hither with thee, I have forgotten my office. I have neglected my watch over the elements, and my human charge is, at this hour, perhaps, exposed to all the fury of the storm.'

"'Cheer thee, my Nymphalin,' said the Prince, 'we will lay the tempest,' and he waved his sword and muttered the charms which curb the winds, and roll back the marching thunder; but for once the tempest ceased not at his spells; and now, as the fairies sped along the troubled air, a pale and beautiful form met them by the way, and the fairies paused and trembled. For the power of that shape could vanquish even them. It was the form of a female, with golden hair, crowned with a chaplet of withered leaves; her bosoms, of an exceeding beauty, lay bare to the wind, and an infant was clasped between them, hushed into a sleep so still, that neither the roar of the thunder, nor the livid lightning flashing from cloud to cloud, could even ruffle, much less arouse, the slumberer. And the face of the female was unutterably calm and sweet (though with a something of severe); there was no line, or wrinkle, in her hueless brow; care never wrote its defacing characters upon that everlasting beauty. It knew no sorrow or change; ghostlike and shadowy floated on that shape through the abyss of time, governing the world with an unquestioned and noiseless sway. And the children of the green solitudes of the earth—the lovely fairies of my tale—shuddered as they gazed and recognized—the form of DEATH!

"'And why,' said the beautiful shape, with a voice as soft as the last sighs of a dying babe; 'why trouble ye the air with spells? Mine is the hour and the empire, and the storm is the creature of my power. Far yonder to the west it sweeps over the sea, and the ship ceases to vex the waves; it smites the forest, and the destined tree, torn from its roots, feels the winter strip the gladness from its boughs no more! The roar of the elements is the herald of eternal stillness to their victims; and they who hear the progress of my power, idly shudder at the coming of peace. And thou, O tender daughter of the faëry kings, why grieveest thou at a mortal's doom? Knowest thou not that sorrow cometh with years, and that to live is to mourn? Blessed is the flower that, nipped in its early spring, feels not the blast that, one by one, scatters its blossoms around it, and leaves but the barren stem. Blessed are the

young whom I clasp to my breast, and lull into the sleep which the storm cannot break, nor the morrow arouse to sorrow or to toil. The heart that is stilled in the bloom of its first emotions—that turns with its last throb to the eye of love, as yet unlearned in the possibility of change—has exhausted already the wine of life, and is saved only from the lees. As the mother soothes to sleep the wail of her troubled child, I open my arms to the vexed spirit, and my bosom cradles the unquiet to repose!"

The fairies answered not, for a chill and a fear lay over them, and the shape glided on; even as it passed away through the veiling clouds, they heard its voice singing amidst the roar of the storm, as the dirge of the water-sprite over the vessel it hath lured into the whirlpool or the shoals.

This is indeed beautiful writing, fully equal to Mr. Bulwer's best; this is that poetry of which we spoke as peculiar to him, poetry not of words but of thoughts. There are other detached gems, of the same general character, to be found interspersed throughout the entire tale, but they lose their value from the want of that connecting harmony, which, in a work of fiction, is every thing, on which must depend the interest, the reality, the keeping of the whole. The fairy tale, if considered by itself, is incomplete, wanting in that identity which is possessed by fairies no less than by the material lords of earth, and, above all things, wanting in subject; it is a tale without beginning, middle, or end; causes, incidents, or results. If it be looked on as the machinery of the human story, it is still more faulty, for,—overlooking the evident truth, that we cannot induce ourselves, by any exercise of the imagination, to credit the agency of aerial beings in the nineteenth century, in the stern days of practical utility,—this machinery tends to nothing, attempts, affects nothing. The whole fairy plot might be omitted, and the omission would be beneficial to the character of the entire work.

The mortals are, in truth, somewhat more interesting personages, than their supernatural protectors; and we are of opinion that, had the author been in a happier mood, they might have been worked up into the likeness of those real creatures of flesh and blood, which, in his earlier pages, move and breathe, with all the joys and sorrows, all the crimes and virtues, that are blended in that fearful and wonderful being—man. The characters, if characters they can be called, for they have but little of that which constitutes the greatest charm in all ideal beings, are three in number. A sick girl, a father, somewhat misanthropical and cold-hearted, and a lover—all that a lover ought to be. The idea on which the tale is founded, is not a little extraordinary, and even if it be within the bounds of possibility, is scarcely credible enough for readers of limited imagination.

Trevylyan, a rich, noble, and most intellectual youth, who has been lunched into the vortex of the world at sixteen years,

Who has, in turn, run through
All, that is beautiful, and new,

becomes suddenly enamored to distraction of Gertrude, one of earth's most perfect creatures, whom he at once perceives to be in a state of incipient but hopeless consumption; notwithstanding this certainty, which day by day becomes more evident,—although it is never suspected by the parent, owing to his abstracted nature, or by the sufferer, owing to the delusive nature of that fell disease,—he attaches himself more and more closely to her; she is his betrothed, almost his bride, even while he knows that she never can be his. Improbable, almost unnatural, as this may seem, we yet believe that there is a mine of poetry and of knowledge in the author's

heart, from which, had he been so minded, he might have culled forth treasures to deck this singular fancy, and make it like unto reality. But, with much beautiful writing, much sweet sentiment, and many glimpses of nature, he has done none of this. There are so few incidents, so little to call forth the characters of the individuals in whom we ought to feel an interest, indeed so seldom are they actually brought upon the stage to think and speak for themselves, that when we close the book upon the be-reaved lover, and the buried bride, we hardly know them better, than when we first were introduced to them beside the mills of Bruges.

The cause of this is evident at a glance, for it is not one of Mr. Bulwer's natural faults, since he, for the most part, works up his portraits as elaborately, as he sketches them correctly. He has been compelled to make them stalking horses for the illustrations, and we have accordingly the old, hacknied expedient of the lover telling stories to amuse his bride; an absurdity too glaringly ridiculous, when coupled with the manners of English society at the present day, to be even tolerated.

The principal stories, or episodes, are, *The Maid of Malines*,—*The Soul in Purgatory*; or *Love stronger than Death*,—*The wooing of master Fox*,—*The fallen Star*; or the *History of a false Religion*,—*The Life of Dreams*,—and, *The Brothers*.

"*The Maid of Malines*" is a pleasing, simple tale, probable in part and natural, although the catastrophe savors too much of poetical justice for our taste. An amiable and interesting, but not beautiful, girl of Malines is accidentally thrown into contact with a French youth, blind from his cradle, but endowed with all other good gifts, that might supply the deficiency. An act of generous self-devotion on her part produces gratitude, affection, love on his; his passion is returned, and they are to be wedded. Simple, and superstitious in her simplicity, Lucille departs, unknown to her affianced, to pray for the restoration of his sight, at the tomb of the three kings of Cologne. She meets, on her return, a skilful surgeon who effects by natural means, what she had hoped to gain by miraculous aid. St. Amand sees—sees that Lucille is plain, her cousin Julie lovely. His heart deserts her, she discovers it, releases him from all engagements, and he marries the fair cousin. Years elapse, Malines is occupied by the French troops, and Lucille is saved from insult by the arm of St. Amand, who has in the mean time learned the worthlessness of his wife, and the value of the deserted maiden; but the bridal tie is strong till death. Another interval of years, and the French troops again pass through her native town, miserable, defeated, and suffering with ophthalmia contracted on the fatal plains of Egypt. St. Amand returns again blind, as of yore, to the threshold of his mistress, and now the tie is broken—Julie is no more, and he is at length united to his faithful and forgiving Lucille. The whole story is pleasingly written, and possesses much simple pathos; but, after all, there are some twenty other authors living, and writing, at this hour, who could have done it quite as well, and we expect more than this from Bulwer.

"*The Soul in Purgatory*" is wild and fearful, and bordering on the profane. We are not austere in matters of this nature, we are not willing to denounce every flight of genius, which may approach forbidden topics in its erratic soarings, as irreligious; but we do think that subjects such as these

are better left alone. It is strongly told, and in that style of oriental gloom, and grandeur, which is best adapted to such articles, it has also a moral of a peculiar kind. The object is to shew the "*Perpetuity of woman's love, and its reward.*" That reward being desertion, punishment and wo! The world is very bad, it is true, but we hope not quite so bad as to render such a moral as this justifiable. This gloomy chapter may give pleasure to some, but to us, while we confess the talent it displays, the emotions it produces are any thing but pleasurable.

"The wooing of Master Fox" is very German, very perfect in its keeping, and extremely meritorious, if mere closeness of imitation can be deemed merit. It is a perfect *pendant* to the old apologue of *Reinhart and Isangrin*, concerning which any of our readers, who are curious in antiquarian details, may learn as much or as little as they please, by referring to page 347 of the 8th volume of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*. It may be a proof of bad taste in us, but we have always considered tales of talking beasts and reasoning birds,—unless redeemed by marvellous wit, as is "*les quatre facardins*" of Count Anthony Hamilton,—admirably suited to the meridian of the nursery.

"The Life of Dreams" is so sublimely metaphysical, that it is, to us, utterly incomprehensible, and we should have no hesitation in calling it nonsense. There must be in all fiction a similarity to truth, or the mind revolts from that which it cannot even cheat itself into believing.

"The Brothers" is a very neat, well executed, tale of chivalry, with nothing extraordinary, either in that which is told, or in the manner of telling. It comes in *apropos de bottes* to an exquisite engraving of the castles of Liebenstein and Sternfells, and to a very beautiful vignette, and—*hinc illæ lacrymæ*.

"The fallen Star; or the History of a false Religion" is the only portion of the work to which we can give our unqualified approbation; it is perfect—no one but Bulwer could have written it, and Bulwer himself could not have written it more ably—wild, dark, and mysterious, it has yet that air of reality which convinces our imaginations and enchains our every faculty. It opens thus:—

"And the Stars sate, each on his ruby throne, and watched with sleepless eyes upon the world. It was the night ushering in the new year, a night on which every Star receives from the archangel that then visits the universal galaxy, its peculiar charge. The destinies of men and empires are then portioned forth for the coming year, and, unconsciously to ourselves, our fates are minioned to the stars. * * And they who sate upon those shining thrones were three thousand and ten, each resembling each."

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"Each Star wore a kingly diadem; round the loins of each was a graven belt, graven with many and mighty signs; and the foot of each was on a burning ball, and the right arm drooped over the knee as they bent down from their thrones; they moved not a limb or a feature, save the finger of the right hand, which ever and anon moved slowly pointing, and regulated the fates of men, as the hand on the dial speaks the career of time.

"One of the Three Thousand and Ten wore not the same aspect as his crowned brethren: a Star smaller than the rest and less luminous; the countenance of this star was not impressed with the awful calmness of the others, but there was sullenness and discontent upon his mighty brow. And this Star said to himself,—'Behold! I am created less glorious than my fellows, and the archangel apportioned not to me the same lordly destinies. Not for me are the dooms of kings, and bards, the rulers of empires, or, yet nobler, the swayers and harmonists of souls. Sluggish are the spirits and base the lot of the men I am ordained to lead through a dull life

to a fameless grave. And wherefore?—is it mine own fault, or is it the fault which is not mine, that I was woven of beams less glorious than my brethren? Lo! when the archangel comes, I will bow not my crowned head to his decrees. I will speak, as the ancestral Lucifer before me: *he* rebelled because of his glory, *I* because of my obscurity; *he* from the ambition of pride, and *I* from its discontent."

The archangel comes, the discontented star murmurs and requests permission to be "the ruler of one, who, if abased, shall aspire to rule." His wish is granted, a mortal is designated who, having been born under his influence, may be moulded to his will. The star shoots downwards, and appearing to Morven the son of Osslah, a deformed herdsman, the outcast of a giant tribe of warriors, breathes strange thoughts into his mind. Morven, by accidental occurrences, gains a knowledge of facts which he retails as prophecies; the events confirm his truth, he becomes the priest of a new, a horrible religion; he gains power, he wades through crime to supreme dominion, tramples on the necks of nobles, deposes and creates monarchs at his pleasure,

"and Morven, the high-priest, was ten thousand times mightier than the king. * * * And he died full of years and honor, and they carved his effigy on a mighty stone before the temple, and the effigy endured a thousand ages, and whoso looked on it trembled; for the face was calm with the calmness of unspeakable awe. And Morven was the first mortal of the North that made Religion the stepping stone to Power. Of a surety Morven was a great man."

Again the last night of the old year comes round, the stars sit as before each upon his ruby throne, and Lucifer arises from the abyss and calls down the discontented star.

"Then the Star rose from his throne, and descended to the side of Lucifer. For ever hath the spirit of discontent had sympathy with the soul of pride. And they sank slowly down to the gulf of gloom.

"It was the first night of the new year, and the Stars sate, each on his ruby throne, and watched with sleepless eyes upon the world. But sorrow dimmed the bright faces of the kings of night, for they mourned in silence and in fear for a fallen brother.

"And the gates of the heaven of heavens flew open with a golden sound, and the swift Archangel fled down on his silent wings; and the Archangel gave to each of the Stars, as before, the message of his Lord, and to each Star his appointed charge. And when the heraldry seemed done, there came a laugh from the abyss of gloom, and halfway from the gulf rose the lurid shape of Lucifer the Fiend.

"Thou countest thy flock ill, O radiant shepherd! Behold! one Star is missing from the three thousand and ten!"

"Back to thy gulf, false Lucifer, the throne of thy brother hath been filled."

"And lo! as the Archangel spake, the Stars beheld a young and all lustrous stranger on the throne of the erring Star; and his face was so soft to look upon that the dimmest of human eyes might have gazed upon its splendor unabashed; but the dark Fiend alone was dazzled by its lustre, and, with a yell that shook the flaming pillars of the universe, he plunged backward into the gloom.

"Then far and sweet from the Arch Unseen came forth the Voice of God.

"Behold! on the throne of the Discontented Star sits the Star of Hope; and he that breathed into mankind the Religion of Fear, hath a successor in him who shall teach earth the Religion of Love."

"And evermore the Star of Fear dwells with Lucifer, and the Star of Love keeps vigil in Heaven!"

With this noble passage we will close both extracts and criticism. Had the entire volume been conceived in the spirit, and drawn with the vigor of this noble episode, it would have been the author's masterpiece. The splendor of this gleam does not surprise us, for nothing can be too splendid for him in his vein; nor does the general obscurity terrify us, for he could have done no better in so limited a sphere. If he values his fame, Bulwer will write no more annuals!

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE OMNIBUS.

"Trace the great chain, each thin-spun link pursue,
 And prove the wondrous springs of Nature true,—
 Nor deem the fountain's eye, that, from the hills,
 Pours forth its tearful tribute into rills,
 Unmeet, when swelling on in sinuous course,
 To yield the sea its bulk, the storm its force."

THE Omnibus is of modern invention—the ancients knew nothing of the Omnibus. Its enjoyments were forbidden to them. They could neither see nor taste. The fountain was shut up—the book sealed. They were ignorant. They lived too early in the world's history. They died too soon for their own. We can only lament their ignorance—it is now too late to repair the evil, and our joys and luxuries must sometimes be embittered, when we think how few were possessed by our fathers—when we reflect that they knew nothing of the Omnibus!

And yet they fondly imagined, in simplicity most wonderful, that they knew much,—that they enjoyed much, and many of their wise men and magnates, doubtless, in the solitude of distinction, wept with the madman of Macedon, that the Ultima Thule had been attained. The appetite and the sense had, with them, pillars not less impassable than those of Hercules. The world was all waste beyond. No barque might penetrate that unfathomable void—no mind perceive its depths—no conqueror win its sway—no plummet fathom its mysteries; and the potentate who proffered the wealth of a world for an untasted pleasure—a new enjoyment—had, not less than Solomon, discovered all the narrow nothingness of life. He, too, could feel with the preacher, that all was vanity. He knew nothing of the Omnibus!

Years—ages succeeded, and the Omnibus was yet unknown. Strange, that life should have been desirable on such terms. Well might they esteem it vanity, when lampreys and the mushroom were held luxuries for men. What, indeed, under such circumstances, was the value, the importance, the passion of conquest? For what? Here, indeed, lies the mystery. The era of the Omnibus is not the era of ambition. It could not be looked for at such a period. It required for its discovery a new condition of things—a new order of events—a new class of men. Pursuits, differing entirely from those existing at, and marking, such a time, were essentially necessary to the establishment of the Omnibus. The Romans, though wise in many things, and daring in all, could never have made it. They were not wise, not daring enough for this; and again, they were quite too individual—too selfish. The horse then was rather the instrument of war; not merely, or not so much, of carriage. With the Greeks, the case did not vary materially. They counted the speed rather than the utility of the animal, and the horse had no existence independent of the racer. All his employments were for the individual, for the selfish, for the ambitious; and the Omnibus was still unknown. A social era was neces-

sary for its creation, and the popular mind required a new direction, and an impulse directly opposite, for such an invention. The chariot of the ancient games, or of ancient warfare, driven and maintained by a single, or not over a pair of warriors, though guided in all directions, was any thing but social in its character. Destruction was the striking organ of such a period, and the build of the Omnibus demands the opposite development.

The Omnibus, therefore, indicates an era! Who shall question this truth? Not the philosopher—not he, who, looking through the surface, beyond effects, and up to causes, may trace the nature, the character, and the claims of a people, in their domestic habits and exercises. Let us look to causes. A single glance will prove what we assert. The Omnibus could never have been known to the ancients. It was the fruit of a philosophy warring with, and in the very teeth of, theirs. It could only be the creature—not of general equality in the people—but of a general passion for equality—of a time of increasing accommodativeness in the popular spirit—of a diffusion of hoarded wealth—of a long repose from war—of a mercantile and money-loving condition of things. The mere seeker after amusement would never have craved it—the utilitarian would hold it the very best vehicle in the world. It might have belonged to Carthage, had she been permitted to survive, to pursue her old occupations, and, instead of colonizing other countries, to continue blessing and beautifying her own. Yet it could not have been invented in the time of Hanno and Hamilcar. Hannibal would have disdained it, unless, mounted on the back of his elephants, its inmates were willing to carry spear and javelin for the destruction of their neighbors. With the crafty Greek it could not have been tolerated, or if known, would have rapidly fallen into disuse. He is too much the individual—he goes only on his own account, and is in a blessed condition of ignorance on the subject of joint-stock companies. Persuade him to enter with the rest, and it will only be to cut their throats, and be off with their purses. The Omnibus suits another order of people. It is Yankee all over—it accommodates him, who, however selfish he may be in other respects, is never exclusive—who is never willing to be much alone. It suits nobody half so well. Give the Englishman his stanhope, the Yankee his omnibus, and the comets have no terrors—the world goes right.

We say the Omnibus marks an era—and what era? It follows, in the negative, from a knowledge of those which it would not suit, of those which it will. It must indicate a social condition of mankind. By social we do not merely mean the living together in communities. The barbarians did so, yet were not social. The social history of the Romans was a farce. The Scythians preyed less upon one another, and seem never to have had a Nero, who could fiddle while their cities were burning. Mark the change as we progress to our own times. Peter the Cruel could share such luxuries with his mistress, and the social condescensions of Miguel are something of a proverb. Tyranny to-day is certainly not the tyranny of yesterday. Anciently, the despot hunted game for himself, and wo to the poor devil who came between his spear and the victim. The modern tyrants hunt always in couples, and the holy alliance will be found to illustrate the social character of the era which their own wise labors are in-

tended to subvert. It is rather irreverent in a matter so very grave as the present, to perpetrate a pun; but under our own eyes have we not seen an entire people, with no other reason but that they were Poles, ready made to the hand, yoked to the body of the great Omnibus of Russia. Kings are social now—they were selfish in times past. The luxuries of power, like all other luxuries, have undergone refinement. The difference between past and present, in this particular, is indicated by a comparison the most humble. Of old, all drank from the same cup—now, each man has a cup of his own, and thus—mark the social loveliness of the thing—all drink together—all are upon an equal footing, and thus all matter of offence is avoided.

This fact brings to view another peculiarity of this era, and the most striking feature of all—its levellism. In this abides a chief beauty of the Omnibus. It ministers equally to all classes, and, as if the more fully to illustrate the republicanism of the thing, the little urchin who receives the sixpences at the door, is, without doubt, the most important personage of the company. The Omnibus has no prejudices, no partialities—no charge of favoritism will lie against it. The coxcomb takes his seat beside the blacksmith, and dare not complain, if his white inexpressibles win some unusual hues from the fellowship of his sooty neighbor. The statesman and politician is “hale fellow, well met,” with the greasy citizen who votes against him; and the zealots of different sectaries, dismounted of their several doxies, are compelled to ride, cheek-by-jowl, with one another. Such is the levelling and democratic Omnibus. This was not the case of yore. What were vehicles then? The horse himself was a decided aristocrat. He bore no burthen which was not honorable in the strict acceptance of society. The scion of the ancient stock looked down in his loneliness of place upon the poor plebeian, who was required to keep pace on foot beside him. No wonder the horse is proud. He had the pay of a soldier in times past, and was far more honored for his service. So, too, the dog—he had his pay for military service, agreeably to the same standard, in the days of chivalry; and in the Spanish wars in America, the favorite breed and blood frequently slept in the same bed with his owner. All these periods were decidedly hostile, not less to society, than to the Omnibus. They discouraged all utilitarianism as slavish, which came not with battle—they kept down humanity—they restrained the onward course of man, and bowed his neck to the yoke of the oxen—they fettered civilization, and dammed up all the generous tendencies of society, which, in its true nature, is entirely republican.

There is yet another feature of this era, thus indicated by the Omnibus. It does not merely bring down the prince from his high station—his pride of place, and the concentrated selfishness of all his purposes. It goes yet farther. It lifts the peasant into hope! It does not merely bring the peer to his level—it elevates him, if not into the condition of the peer, at least into an arena of equal contest and a fair field, in which the peer has no advantage. There is an important, an imposing truth, in this small particular. It carries a warning to the titled,—to the insolent dominator of ages,—to the misbegotten and misdirected assumptions of class and caste,—to the few, who, violating all the legitimacies of nature, yet assume to be the le-

gitimates of earth. We convey this warning lesson, this solemn truth, in a single sentence, when we ask, how can the chariot of the peer presume to clash with the Omnibus of the people? How can the slight though showy vehicle, with its solitary inmate, stand audaciously in the highway, when the Omnibus comes whirling along, carrying twenty-four sturdy citizens? The thing is ridiculous—the thought is, that of one, foolish with his own conceit, and maddened as those forever must be, whom God desires to destroy. *Quos Deus, etc.*

Considered morally thus, and as embodying visibly to the eye the current expression of the popular thinking, the Omnibus certainly holds forth illustrations, abundantly numerous and strong, in support of these opinions. So far, then, it may be looked upon with favor, and we give it our passport. It certainly indicates an elevation in the aim of man in the general, though, perhaps, largely subtracting from all his individuality. Great men will seldom ride in the Omnibus. For our own part, we never think to do what all the town does, and the person solicitous of his own stature will always keep clear of the crowd. Levellism, though of great benefit to the community, is dangerous to the man. The individual is lost in the species; and, what in his estimation is a much greater evil, the exceptions which make him the individual, and upon which he so much prides himself, are merged completely in the mountainous and mixing masses which surround him. The fine features have no command, no eminence, among the mob—the fine shades and colors soon undergo obscuration; and what are the nice proprieties of the gentleman, where Toms, Dicks, and Harrys, make up the majority?

We see yet another feature of the moral condition of society, brought actively forth by this new and levelling quality of the Omnibus; and here our approval ends. It is no favorite here. The principle of thought, which, in this respect, governs, and has led to its existence, is highly dangerous, and subversive of sundry of those fine features which sometimes make up the redeeming and apologetic circumstances in the progress of a tyranny—a tyranny such as that of Augustus Cæsar—of a time when Omnibuses could not be. The Omnibus shows us that there is no limit to levellism when once it begins—that it stops at nothing—that it recognizes no restraining agency—that the spirit which has brought it into being is one, as reckless in the pursuit of the one social, as the olden power in the desire for the other selfish, extreme. And this is the evil of the Omnibus. It wants discrimination. It is without taste. It takes up riders who are not altogether prepared for such a mode of conveyance. It lifts men from the ground, who have not yet freed their shoes from the mud. It begets a passion for elevation, which has infinitely the start of any general preparation for such ascent; and hence it is that the beauty, and fine enamel, and rich paint of the popular Omnibus, does not last long. How should any man dare to enjoy that which is neat, delicate, and clean, without first having carefully made himself so? Yet such is the teaching of the era when the Omnibus had birth. The Omnibus marks such an era—it is the sign, indicative of a moral phase in the progress of the nations.

Are you sceptical? Do you doubt? Do you, forsooth,—bearing a high thought, and a nice sense,—do you hold forth denial? Are you stubborn,

unconvinced? We offer you no vain theory. Our thought asks not for argument—it needs not to be written. Look for yourself. Go forth into the highways—go into the halls of council and deliberation—into the church, the forum, the senate. Look where you will, and the Omnibus principle is forever in your eyes. See you not the Court of *Pie-poudré* in the Representative Congress—the great hall—the congregated wisdom of these United, but discordant, States? Look down, as we have looked, upon that motley and unmanageable assembly. They are the wise men of your nation. They speak the doom—not of to-day, not of to-morrow—not of a state, a city, or a tribe. They speak the fate of a people, a countless and growing people—of an empire, of a world—of the future. Yet what are their pretensions so to speak? Look and answer. The Omnibus principle has clearly presided in the selection of many among them. There is one half-besotted creature just before us—full as a beer-barrel—whose head has surely been “unkempt, uncombed,” for a long variety of seasons. Such a man cannot be a gentleman—such a man cannot be a moralist—such a man cannot be wise—for cleanliness is a primary constituent of morals, wisdom, and gentility. For what quality, then, has he been chosen to a station of so much responsibility? You see, too, that he is a sot—half drunk, even now—and at all times profanely vulgar, and proverbially stupid. He rides in the Omnibus—he rides with the people. Does he desire Pat’s vote? He sees the brogan of Pat besmeared with mud, and he resolutely besmears his own. He beholds Dick Gossip drunk, whose vote he also desires, and he takes care to be frequently found in the Omnibus which is Dick’s favorite. He goes to the same gin shop, and thereby the patriotism of the twain expands inordinately—and the one, in process of time, necessarily becomes the due representative of the other.

But it is not merely in government—in the art vilely misnamed that of politics—that the Omnibus is the dangerous vehicle of levellism and vulgarity. There are some things in the history of civilization and society, to which it should never extend, but which it nevertheless presumes, with irreligious and profane hands, most desperately to grapple. There are some things, some pursuits, some principles and performances, essentially aristocratic in their very nature, and only to be approached with clean hands and barefoot, as things for love, for reverence, for worship. Such are the just principles of truth and wisdom, to be educed from the unselfish natures of high and worthy men—men who should be beyond the price and pay, as they must be above the praise of the vulgar and the unworthy. Such are the charities and offices of religion—such are the gentle joys and pleasantries of the happy fireside of domestic felicity and evening resort—such are the polite and fine arts—such are poetry, music, the drama and the dance, and all things which lighten the spirit of its weariness, and aim to win us back to the pure nature, from which we are always on the eve of departure.

The Omnibus principle should have no control over these things. We recognize its existence within a given and limited sphere as perfectly legitimate. It will do for the mere utilitarian—for the bad weather—for the dusty feet—for the vile necessity. But when we behold it carried into our halls of council, our theatres—when we see the tobacco voided in volumes over our houses—when we perceive the tradesman, fresh from the counting-house, adjusting his business and talking over his banking concerns and

shipments, while the play is in progress, to the infinite annoyance of all around him—when we see the youth keeping his hat resolutely stuck to his head as if it had grown there, while sitting in the box with ladies—rudely encoring or hissing, while in the same situation—we immediately suspect the agency of that revolutionary principle in morals which has brought the Omnibus into existence. We see, at once, that some have availed themselves of its carriage, to penetrate into a region for which they have never been prepared by the refining hands of education. We see, at once, the levelling disposition which knows of no distinction, whatsoever, between any of the concerns of life; which, not content with overthrowing the artificial aristocracies of government, and an unequal system of laws, is solicitous to graduate all things, of whatever class or character, by the same narrow standard; and which speaks of the sale of cattle and the fine arts in the same breath—passing rapidly without even a change of raiment, not to speak of mood—from the roughest exercises of trade to the brilliant circles, the seductive fascinations, and elaborate delicacies of that sweet company, who wait upon and receive their inspiration from the muse.

The arts are not for the vulgar. To enjoy them, we must cease to be so. The road is a royal one, indeed, but not a rapid one, by which we must attain their mysteries. To comprehend them in a right spirit, we must beware of the levellism of the Omnibus. They must be approached with a deference little short of veneration. To appreciate, one must study them. He must go through a long apprenticeship, and secure to himself the possession of a large body of fine thoughts—high principles and purposes; a noble aim, a gentle spirit, and a desire, paramount to all of these, to trace, with the analysis of a kindred mind, the soarings of that daring spirit, which has stolen, according to ancient fable, its fire from the sun, while looking, with audacious gaze, undazzled and undaunted, upon its destroying and ireful glances. Why does not the drama succeed in England and America? The answer is obvious—the Omnibus principle guides and governs all our institutions—(the institutions of one not less than of the other—for with the same religion and language, and a common origin, it is all fiddlestick to speak of England and America as of distinct and differing nations—) and such a principle is too levelling for all the fine arts, which in their very nature, signified plainly enough in their designation, are delicate and aristocratic. The Omnibus may promote the living together in communities, but it is not more a school for society than it is for civilization. It tolerates soiled boots, foul language—spirits careless whom they annoy, and utterly indifferent to all things, unless they come coupled with some miserable and miserly maxim, taught and treasured up carefully from boyhood, in the leaves of *Poor Richard*. Benjamin Franklin had no little hand in the establishment of the Omnibus.

Let us not be misunderstood. In all that we have said, we have meant nothing disrespectful—we have intended no sneer, no sarcasm, in reference to any one of the several occupations referred to. We would only insist that they be kept apart from one another—that, as there is no necessary, no proper connection between them, we should suffer no practices to prevail, which would have the effect of bringing them together, to the common annoyance. The enlightened mind will readily understand us—the unprejudiced will strive to do so. The merchant, the retailer, the

mechanic, the laborer, &c. may be all good, and are necessary in their several places. We only insist, that meeting together for a common object, they should always "sink the shop." It is not necessary that the concerns of the 'Change or Market Place, should be carried for adjustment into a temple consecrated to the muses, the arts, literature, education, and all those more elevated occupations of our nature, which are not only essentially foreign to the offices of trade, but entirely, in their design and exercise, unselfish and intended for mankind. This exhortation is more particularly necessary during the progress of the Omnibus. The Omnibus marks that period in human economy when the barriers are to be overthrown—when the gross deference to authority must be done away with—when all men may stand upon the same level, and look fearlessly and freely upon one another;—and when, gradually rising from the wallow, the Plebeian shall be the father of a race, strong in freedom as in intellect, superior to circumstance, and moulding the passing hour according to the dictates of that caprice, which has thought proper to employ the Omnibus. Our prayer is, that something may be spared, in this general overthrow, to the spirit which was great and glorious in the history of the past. If we overthrow the old superstition, let us not destroy, with headlong stupidity, the Druidical temples—the high columns—the vaulted grandeur of its dwellings and its worship. If we deny the faith, let us at least preserve the memorials which are true to taste, and emblematic of a soaring aim, which moved, though in error, in grandeur and majesty, little short of supernatural. Conquer the Lucifer, and bind him down if you will, but deface not the sublime sadness—the imperial loveliness—lovely even in overthrow and ruin—of his once angelic face, and symmetric majesty of proportion. Spare that which Time would spare. If he left the pyramids, let us not destroy them. Let us discriminate between all things in our progress—between the merely useful, the necessary, the unavoidable in life, and that grace, drapery and polish, which make society not less lovely than useful—not less fascinating than necessary—not less the handmaid of choice spirits, and generous affections, and high fancies, than the housewife who makes up the bed and airs all the chambers. The era of the Omnibus is one that goes onward. It stops not for meditation. It is the era of revolution—of that love of change which is the delirium of unaccustomed license. It should not be suffered to go too far, for its course is never backward. It has no conscience—it knows not how to think. The strong mind must watch to arrest its progress. It will need no propulsion. The impetus once given, it has nothing of retrograde in any one of its thousand tendencies. Let it not crush all things in its progress, burying itself, in the end, amid the ruins of its own creation. Such must be its history, if it be not carefully regulated. Let the wise—let the strong—let those, who ride often in the Omnibus, look to it well. Let them be chary in their choice of drivers. One weak head—one unsteady hand—one hasty feeling, or fear, or folly, and the vehicle is upon their heads. It is not the sulky now—not the chaise—not the chariot. The car of the prince, of yore, in its overthrow, hurt only himself;—what now must be the crush—how numerous the sufferers—when the Omnibus is the vehicle, when the people are its occupants, and its driver is one, elevated in the madness of the moment, and making the misery of years.

S.

THE CARTHAGINIAN'S VOW.

Dixitque tandem perfidus Hannibal:
 Serve, luporum præda rapacium,
 Sectamur ultro, quos opimus
 Fallere et effugere est triumphus.

HOR. LIB. 4. ODE 4.

I.

"ETERNAL HATE!"—in manhood's accents stern—
 "Eternal Hate to Rome!"—the father vowed,
 While many a marble god, and sculptured urn,
 In deep, triumphant echoes, murmured loud
 "Eternal Hate to Rome!"—The sunbeam flowed
 In liquid light upon the infant brow
 Of Hannibal!—'Twas Hannibal, that bowed,
 All passionless and pure, as Alpine snow,
 At that red shrine. Let ages mark the lisper's vow.

II.

"Eternal Hate!"—with dove-like features mild,
 And childish murmurs musically low,—
 The unconscious hero swore; and swearing, smiled
 On the drawn falchion, and the infernal glow
 Of altars, smoking to man's deadliest foe,
 The old Avenger!—Earth, and air, and sea,
 Shuddered; and, answering from their caves below,
 Hell's myriad voices yelled in fiendish glee,
 Presaging to their slaves—the curse of victory.

III.

Eternal Hate to Rome!—'Tis yours to tell,
 Ye towering pyramids of living stone,—
 Ye thrones of winter,—ye, whose monarchs dwell
 In the frore avalanche, the torrent's moan,
 Cold, deathless, inaccessible, alone!—
 'Tis yours to tell, ye mountain walls, that stand
 Girding Italia with a frozen zone,
 But stood in vain—what time the Punic brand
 Cleft your stern rocks, as torrents cleave the sand.

IV.

By Sanguinetto's brook and Thrasymene,
 By Trebia's banks, and Cannæ's reeking plain,
 By hostile camps from the Tarpeian seen,
 By Roman legions—Roman eagles—ta'en,
 By thrice three thousand rings of knighthood slain,
 Well was that vow fulfilled.—Eternal Hate!
 Hate!—till nor name, nor stone on stone, remain
 To tell of Roman glory; till her fate
 Baser may be, than bright of yore her loftiest state.

V.

Eternal Hate to Rome!—Till battle's tide
 Reluctant ebb'd; till Nero, glorious name,
 Victorious Nero,—he whose freeborn pride
 Is all forgotten in the damning fame,
 The black eternity, that brands, like flame,
 His diademed successor,—from the crown
 Of the far Appenine, redeemed the shame
 Of Latin arms, with Hasdrubal's renown,
 Trampling the latest stay, last hope, of Carthage down.

VI.

Sadly they vanished from his lingering view,
 The sunbright shores of Italy, and tears
 Streamed hot and heavy, as those mountains blue
 Sank slowly, one by one;—his hopes, his fears,
 His fortunes, buried there!—The toil of years,
 The struggle, and the triumph, and the gore,
 Gone to the winds!—The last hill disappears,—
 The wild and shoreless sea is stretched before,—
 What passion racks him now? Hate!—Hate for evermore!—

VII.

Eternal Hate! when Rome's unconquered pinion
 Shook its red horror o'er his Libyan strand,—
 When, striving not as erst for high dominion,
 Or blood-bought conquest of a foreign land,—
 The swarthy legions of his parent sand
 He led—not now to glory!—When no more
 Victorious fortune plumed her on his brand,
 While Rome hung balanced in the battle's roar!
 But Carthage 'self was staked—was lost—on Zama's shore.

VIII.

When all save life—friends, country, power—were flown;
 When, reft of hope, his heart yet scorn'd to ache;
 When the world's outcast, aged, and alone,—
 Whom toil, war, famine, wo, had failed to break—
 Whom hostile force, or kindred guile to shake,—
 Rome's terror still,—in ghastly pride he sate,
 Till the Bithynian tyrant deigned awake,
 A mighty suppliant at his barbarous gate.
 Eternal Hate to Rome—'twas still—Eternal Hate!

IX.

When the soul hovered on its quivering wing,
 As loth to fly, yet impotent to stay;
 When the last comfort of the treasured ring—
 The sole avenger of dark Cannæ's day—
 Was quaffed;—when hope had nought for which to pray,
 When writhing brow confessed, and grinding teeth,
 The pangs which rend the spirit from the clay;
 Hate parted not, but with the parting breath,
 Hate—as in life supreme—invincible in death.

H.

THE MIND OF MAN, THE ORACLE OF GOD!

LUCAN'S ANNALS.—BOOK IX. 544.

THE Eastern tribes, that swarmed around the gate
 Of Horned Jove, dark arbiter of fate,
 Shrank from the path of Cato. Him his friends—
 At the dim shrine renowned to Afric's ends—
 Besought, the oracular Hammon to adore,
 And prove the faith believed on every shore.
 In counsel first, as first in war's red tide,
 Labienus spake—" 'Tis heavenly chance"—he cried—
 " And singular fortune of our darkling road,
 " That leads us to the Mighty one's abode.
 " Blest, that a voice so clear, a guide so high,
 " Should point our steps the path of destiny.
 " To all! to all must the Great Gods deny,
 " If Cato hear them not, the secrets of the sky!
 " Thou—whose whole life hath marked thy boundless love,
 " Thy blind submission to the o'erruling Jove—
 " Lo! the blest hour, to prove thy wisdom's choice,
 " And, face to face, consult the eternal voice!—
 " Enquire tyrannic Cæsar's doom,—and hear
 " Rome's onward course through many a stormy year,—
 " If free her sons shall rule, and simply great,
 " Or civil carnage blot her palmy state!
 " At least to learn—stern virtue's lover thou,—
 " What virtue's essence is—what honor's purest vow!"
 Filled with the God—the God whom in his breast
 He bore, a present inmate, unconfessed—
 The Hero spake—self-taught heaven's speech to show—
 " What should I seek from powers divine to know?
 " If sweeter 'twere on freedom's crimson plain
 " To die a patriot—or a king to reign?
 " If life be aught—or power—or length of days?
 " If force can harm the strong in honor's ways?
 " If, quenched by virtue's deep, majestic eye,
 " The threats of fortune pass not idly by?
 " If pure intents need aught their cause to bless,
 " Or virtue wax more virtuous from success?—
 " This—this we know!—nor Hammon's voice can bind
 " The truth more firmly, than the conscious mind!
 " God dwells in each—and, though the shrines are dumb,
 " From him all thoughts, from him all actions come!
 " He at our natal hour, to each one's breast,
 " Told all he tells, and left to man the rest!
 " To scattered tribes on some sequestered strand
 " He speaks not—nor elects a desert land
 " To bury TRUTH in wastes of burning sand!

"Earth, sea, and sky, are the Eternal's home—
 "His temple, virtue—heaven's blue vault his dome!—
 "What seek we more? Where'er we breathe or move,
 "His throne is there.—Whatever is, is Jove!
 "Let doubters pray for omens darkly given!—
 "Let tremblers seek for words and signs from heaven!—
 "Fixed as my being, is my bosom's faith,
 "Not by sure oracles, but certain death!
 "Death strikes the dastard as he strikes the brave!—
 "JOVE SPAKE ENOUGH, WHEN HE DECREED—THE GRAVE!

THE YOUNG MUSCOVITE; OR THE POLES IN RUSSIA. Edited by Captain Frederick Chamier, R. N.—author of "the Life of a Sailor," &c.—3 vols. 8vo. Cochrane & M'Crone, London—and in course of publication by Harper & Brothers, New York.

THAT an historical novel, formed according to the rules of a school which has arisen, within the present century, under the auspices of Sir Walter Scott, should have emanated from that Bæotia of modern Europe, the Russian Empire;—and a novel, too, of sufficient merit to justify a translation into the English language, and a reprint for the American market—is indeed an event, which may be well admitted to constitute an era in the history of literature. But wonders do not cease even here; we have not only a Russian historical romance of considerable intrinsic value, but we have it actually translated into our tongue by a Russian lady and her daughters, who—to use their own words—as "the Translators of this work from their own language into English (the first of the kind ever written in Russia,) dedicate it, by the author's desire, as well as their own, to Sir Walter Scott; hoping that this production will not appear quite unworthy in the eyes of the English reader, if placed under the protection of the genius of Waverly."

We must reflect that two centuries have not elapsed, since Russia was known, but as a huge uncultivated region, the abode and nursery of hordes of rude and illiterate barbarians; since the energies of a single man, backed by the unlimited authority which alone could render those energies available, literally compelled his brutal subjects to a state of comparative civilization; we must consider, that, within the scope of our national memory only, Russia has assumed a station of political weight in Europe; and, that even while her troops were lending their aid to the antagonists of Napoleon, a work of science or of entertaining fiction would hardly have been deemed a more marvellous effort for a Malay or an Esquimaux, than for a native of the Hyperborean Russia. We must consider all this—and then, how truly astonishing it is, that notwithstanding all the difficulties, natural and artificial, which are opposed in the kingdom of the Czars to the progress of information; that "in spite of all restrictions from the Russian Censor of the Press—as well as of the official *espionage* of the Examiners of Foreign Literature at the Custom House,"—the works of Scott and other English writers should have become so universal in that vast empire, as to cause the formation of a native school upon their model; and that the English language should have been so far cultivated on the banks of the Neva, as to

enable a Russian lady to undertake so difficult a task, as that of translating a book into a tongue, which has been admitted to be the most uncouth and arduous that a foreigner can possibly attack. It is true that there is no earthly reason why a Muscovite, or indeed a Don Cossack, should not possess the faculties, which, if properly cultivated, would qualify him to contest the palm of literary reputation with the master-spirits of any other land; for the home of genius is the universe;—but it is somewhat strange that a nation, which, an hundred and fifty years ago, was grovelling in the most total barbarism, should have so rapidly increased in intellectual taste, as to be enabled to relish a work so pure and chaste, both in outline and coloring, as that which lies before us. The delights of savages are rude and boisterous jests, stormy mirth, or strong appeals to their untutored passions and unbridled imagination. Harmony and order, on the contrary, are the fruits of the highest stage of mental improvement; and that harmony, order, and good taste, are now appreciated by the Russian public, we know; firstly, by the fact that this book has been written—for no Russian could possibly write in his own tongue with any other object than that of gaining popularity among his own people, nor would any man, of sufficient talent to have produced “the Young Muscovite,” have attempted a work in a style at variance with the spirit of the times—and secondly, because we are distinctly informed “that the printing presses of Moscow and St. Petersburg could not for some time furnish a sufficient supply of copies for the numerous and eager applicants from all parts of the Empire.”

Having devoted thus much of our time to a consideration of the peculiar circumstances under which “the Young Muscovite” has been introduced to our notice, we will proceed at once to a review of its merits, in the course of which we shall endeavor to give our readers some specimens of our author’s—Mr. Zakosken’s—style and subject, although it is not a work, from which it is by any means easy to choose isolated passages capable of representing with any justice the tone of the whole.

To give a general and positive opinion of the actual rank which “the Young Muscovite” is entitled to hold among English or American novels, we have no hesitation in affirming its superiority to three-fourths of the whole number which issue from the presses of either country. But if a comparative judgment were required—that is, a judgment formed with regard to all the circumstances which must have conspired against the author—we should feel ourselves at liberty to go much further; we should be apt to consider Mr. Zakosken as the father of his country’s literature, as a great spirit who has burst prematurely from the gloom which is spread over Russian literature into full daylight. It is one thing to write powerfully in a tongue which has been wrought to the highest degree of beauty by the united efforts of six centuries’ sages, with the models of ages before the eyes, and to do the same thing in a language which was scarcely written at all, and in which no numerals did actually exist two centuries ago. We could have wished that the Editor’s preface were clearer, that we were more distinctly informed what portions are his, and what the lady’s share; and above all, how close the translations may be to the original. Still, however, enough is before us, to prove the work to be one of considerable power; and we should imagine, from internal evidence, that the transla-

tion is sufficiently literal to answer all the purposes, either of the mere reader for amusement, or of the prying critic.

The action of the novel is laid in that most gloomy period of Russian History, which immediately followed the death of Boris Godunoff, a period fraught with all the complicated horrors of internal anarchy and foreign invasion. The powerful grasp with which the writer has converted the treasures of history into embellishments for his fictitious narrative, cannot be praised too highly; the truth of his details, the identity of his characters, and the strong interest which he succeeds in keeping up to the last pages of his work, render him indeed a worthy pupil of the mighty master whose career he has determined to pursue.

The Hero, Youry Demetrich Milolasky—the names, by the way, are the only drawback to the pleasure we experienced in the perusal of the book—is introduced to the reader, while on his progress from his native city to Nijni Novogorod, the only strong hold of the empire in the power of the Russian government. The object of his journey is a mission from Pan Goncowski, the Polish Hetman, who has already conquered Moscow and all its territories, to the few determined spirits who have determined to die for the Christian Faith and for Holy Russia, rather than to become the slaves of the cruel and licentious Poles; for the purpose of inducing them to lay down their arms and submit themselves to Prince Wladislaus, the son of Sigismund, king of Poland, who has been already elected Czar by the terrified and prostrate Muscovites.

The Boyard Milolasky, a gallant and intrepid youth, burning with patriotism and the love of glory, has reluctantly, but still voluntarily, sworn allegiance to the Pole, in the sad conviction that any government is better for his wretched country than its present anarchy; and mournfully proceeds to bring over his independent countrymen to the same opinion, in the vain hope of re-establishing the peace and happiness of the empire. During his journey, he is convinced by a variety of conflicting evidence, and above all, by the insolent cruelty and avowed perfidy of the Russian Traitors, who had long before joined the Polish faction, that no good can result from the recognition of Wladislaus, a mere tool in the hands of his father. He is satisfied that the only hope of Russia lies in the sword, which he alone is forbidden to draw by his voluntary oath to the Pole. His conduct, under these trying circumstances, is most nobly depicted—the struggle between his honor and his patriotism are fearful, but honor prevails. He addresses the council at Nijni Novogorod as the envoy of the Pole, and conviction almost follows on his words—his duty to his liege lord is performed—the council is divided. At this eventful crisis, Minim, a patriot citizen of Novogorod, and no mean actor in the ensuing struggles, addresses the Boyards thus:

"It is not for me, the humblest citizen of Novogorod,"—answered Minim,—*"to stand up as a judge before you, distinguished Boyards and Waywodes: it is enough that you did not disdain to admit me, a common man, into your Boyards' council: and that you permit me to speak in the presence of the eminent dignitaries of the Czardom of Russia. No, Boyards! let the empire of your dispute be of the same rank and birth with yourselves. Whether we march upon Moscow or not, let the question be decided by the ambassador and friend of Pan Goncowski."*

"Art thou mad, Minim?" exclaimed Tcherkasky.

"Youry Demetrich!" continued Minim, turning to Milolasky, "thou hast per-

formed thy duty: thou hast spoken as the ambassador of the Polish Hetman: I now ask thee, as the son of Dimitry, Yourievitch Milolasky, say; shall we go to Moscow or submit to Sigismund?"

A strong hectic flush covered Youry's face: he half arose from his seat, and endeavored to express his opinion: but he suddenly stopped, and with an hysterical motion, covered his eyes with his hands.

"Boyard!" continued Minim,—“if thou hadst not kissed the cross to Wladislaus—if thou hadst prayed together with us in the Great Square this morning—in a word, if thou wert a citizen of Nijni Novogorod,—what wouldst thou advise to be done? Answer, Youry Demetrich!”

“What would I advise?”—echoed Youry, looking at Minim with animation—“I would lay down my life for Holy Russia!”

“What art thou saying, Youry Demetrich?” whispered Touremin.

“Silence, Boyard!” exclaimed Milolasky, with kindling enthusiasm, “I cannot stifle my feelings, and the words of my heart must be heard. Yes, citizens of Nijni Novogorod, I would fall, blessing the Almighty for permitting me to shed my blood for the Christian Faith! Advance with resolute intrepidity to Moscow, faithful and happy inhabitants of Nijni Novogorod. Save your unfortunate brothers! They wait for you, they anxiously expect you: I now find they are the slaves of the Poles, and not the subjects of Wladislaus. Put not your trust in Sigismund! he is our eternal and implacable enemy! Ye have little to apprehend from the Poles: their few troops are formidable only to the unarmed inhabitants of Moscow. Hasten, then, courageous inhabitants of Nijni, hasten to plant the banner of our Saviour on the humbled walls of the holy Kremlin! You are free; you did not swear allegiance to a stranger, as I have done to Wladislaus!”

Here, the young Boyard covered his face with his hands: then, sobbing, he continued,—“I cannot die with you; but, if not with the sword, with my prayers will I participate in the holy deed!—Citizens of Nijni Novogorod!—I will retire to the monastery of St. Serge, and taking the habit of a monk, I will pray day and night at the grave of the Saint, that the Lord may help you to save the Czardom of Russia from ruin and destruction!”

Youry now became silent, and big tears rolled down his face.

By the speech of Milolasky the council are determined, the patriots march, while the disconsolate Youry hastens to St. Serge to bind himself forever to the service of the Saints. Circumstances occur by which he is detained; yet he at length accomplishes his object—is admitted as a novice to the order, and instantly receives commands from the Superior, who has only received his vows in order to free him from his allegiance to the Poles, to join the patriots before the walls of Moscow. Milolasky joins his countrymen in time to share the glories of the decisive battle of the Moskwa, and to participate in the honor due to the devoted liberators of their land.

This is the historical plot of the first novel of its kind that ever issued from a Russian press, and it would, indeed, be difficult to find a nobler subject. The anarchy of the country, the misery of the natives, the insolence of the invaders, cannot fail to form such a contrast as is most favorable for eloquent and graphic description. In addition to this, a wide field is opened to the writer in the strange habits, the fantastic costumes, the wild and uncouth laws of these barbarous and primitive ages; and, when to this again we add, the glitter of arms, the pomp of war, the noblest cause that can hallow even the horrors of war; with a strain of chivalrous affection and true love running through the whole, mingling itself with all the varied incidents of the tale, yet never clashing with any, we cannot wonder that the author has experienced the good fruits of his labors, in the applause and approbation of thousands. The Love tale is so simple in itself, so pleasingly connected with the more serious interests of the plot, and so ably conducted, that we cannot refrain from sketching it slightly out in order to induce our friends to look more nearly into the original picture.

Milolasky had, in happier days, surrendered his affections to a lovely girl whom he had met, but without learning her name or birth, in the cathedral of the capital, and to his unknown beauty, ignorant whether his passion is returned, he has preserved his constancy unshaken, through a thousand trials. During his journey to Novogorod, he learns, by means of Kirsha, a Cossack, whom he has rescued from death in a snow storm, that the object of his love is none other than Anastasia, the daughter of the traitor Boyard Schalonski, and the betrothed of Pan Goncowski. The bold Cossack, whose character of wild fidelity, unshaken courage, and instinctive sagacity, is drawn with a master hand, in the assumed character of a conjuror, is admitted to the presence of the damsel, whose feeble and declining health has baffled the skill of all the conjurors and doctors of the neighborhood. Readily discovering the cause of her complaint, he whispers comfort to the maid, restores her by his words to health and happiness, and conveys to Youry the happy tidings that he is loved with an ardor equal to his own.

Schalonski proves to be the bitterest foe of Milolasky, who is preserved by the faithful Kirsha again and again from his foul machinations; still the lover has no hopes of ultimate success, till fortune brings about at last what all his efforts had failed to accomplish. After his admission as a novice to the order of St. Serge, the young Muscovite is detained by the patriots, doubtful of his integrity, on his march to Moscow; is recognised, and admitted to all honors due to his rank and cause, by the clerical leader of his countrymen. While he is in their camp, Schalonski and his train endeavor to cut their way through the lines to join the Poles, are overpowered and cut off to a man; the beautiful daughter of the traitor is dragged to the gallows by the infuriate crowd, and, after vainly striving to appease the fury of his men, Father Jeremy performs a hasty ceremony, giving her hand to Milolasky, and rescues her from so horrible a fate by leading her forth the bride of the noblest Boyard in the patriot cause.

Still the happiness of the interesting couple is in suspense—the vows of her husband render his marriage null, and the maiden bride takes shelter in a nunnery, while her despairing husband fights and conquers before the walls of Moscow. After the battle, however, all difficulties are removed; being a novice only, Milolasky is easily released from obligation, and the fate of the two lovers is rendered happy by the same event which gives liberty and joy to the empire of the Czars.

The incidents are well described, and there is much spirit evinced in the ideas, rather than in the language by which they are conveyed. The personages of Milolasky, Kirsha, and his amazon love, are the most original, and our especial favorites, but those of Tiskewitsch, the Polish chieftain, and the braggadocio Kopichinsky are no less admirable in their peculiar line, than those which we have designated as worthy of especial notice.

There is an excellent scene in which Youry compels the last mentioned Pole with a jaw-breaking name, to eat an entire goose as a punishment for his insolence in making free with his property, but it is altogether too long and too much connected with the rest to be extracted. The same remark will apply to the yet more masterly picture of the banquet in the mansion of Schalonski, wherein the calm and serene demeanor of the outraged

Milolasky, the generous indignation of the Polish leaders, and the brutal insolence of the traitor lord are so contrasted as to relieve each other in the strongest and most effectual manner.

It is to be regretted that the English Editor of the *Young Muscovite* was not acquainted with the language of his original, and still more so, that the Russian lady who was the first translator, was not sufficiently skilled in our tongue to have precluded the necessity of having an editor. For it is manifest throughout, that the strength of the language by no means corresponds with the strength of the thoughts expressed. We frequently meet with speeches, wherein ideas, warm as the living fire, are tamely clothed in expressive words; descriptions wherein the picture is conveyed to our mind rather by the entire context than by the language. It is to be regretted that the English Editor should have either altered the over-literal and idiomatic style of the foreign translator so feebly, if he have altered it; or that he should not have had discretion to substitute forcible words and energetic phrases for the tame and prosaic expressions, which have probably arisen from an imperfect knowledge of English.

In order to translate well, a writer should not study to give the literal signification in the one language of the identical word employed in the other, but to make use of terms which shall convey the same impression to the mind of his—as the terms of the original on its—reader. It will not unfrequently happen that a word, which in its own tongue is powerful and poetical in the highest degree, can only be literally rendered by one in the same measure weak and frivolous; it then clearly becomes the duty of the translator to vary the phrase so as to give the same force to his translation which is to be found in his text; and this is a quality in which Captain Chamier has not proved himself strong. The language of this work is for the most part meagre, dry, and tame, while the sentiments are, in as remarkable a degree, eloquent, rich, and noble.

Notwithstanding this drawback, the *Young Muscovite* is a book which is in every way calculated to call forth attention and to awaken interest; whether it be considered merely as an agreeable and entertaining fiction, or as the harbinger of a new era of literature and polite acquirement in one of the largest and most important portions of the world. For, although it may be objected, that, as one swallow does not make summer, so one novel cannot constitute an Augustan era—we yet feel confident that such a novel, as that before us, could only originate from such an alteration in the public mind of Russia, as must proceed hereafter to results far more important; and which, we dare prophecy, will set the empire of the Czars in a very different position, as regards civilization and science, from that which it has held in by-gone ages, or indeed, from that which it at present occupies.

LINES FROM THE ÆNEID.—BOOK IV. LINE 441.

So, with fierce strength, when Alpine blasts contend,
Some ancient oak from his firm base to rend,—
The vast trunk groans, and shaken from on high,
Along the ground his scattered honors lie:—
Yet still secure—high as his summit shoots
In air, so deep in earth extend his ample roots.

E. F. E.

THE HAUNTED HOF.

CHAPTER I.

OF all the quiet, old-fashioned, drowsy little villages that nestle among the valleys of the Rhein-gau, there is not one more lovely than Langenschwalbach, in the duchy of Nassau; nor, withal, one more difficult to discover. The curious traveller might ride or ramble for days together within half a German mile of it, and never detect any token of its proximity, so ingeniously adapted for concealment is the deep and tortuous ravine in which it lies. In shape it resembles a long-handled, two-pronged fork; and all the houses it contains are ranged along three narrow streets, one of which, representing the handle, is nearly a thousand yards in length, and the other two, serving for the prongs, have something less than half that longitude to boast of. But this inordinate extension—to which, by the way, the village is indebted for its name of *Langen*, or *Long*, Schwalbach—is made to appear to the utmost advantage, by the extreme narrowness of the valley in which the place, as it were, lies buried; for the space between the opposing sides of the hills by which it is formed, is barely sufficient for the street, the houses of the inhabitants, and the small kitchen-gardens from which they derive their yearly supply of cabbages. All the houses are of an apparent and venerable antiquity, save two or three; and there is something exceedingly picturesque in their aspect. At the time when they were built, there was no scarcity of timber in the vicinity; nor indeed is it a rare commodity at the present day. An immense dark forest of noble oaks and vast beeches towers above the village on every side; and the ravine through which one of the prong streets runs, leads directly to a hill, the sides and summits of which are covered with huge pines. The effect of this abundance of material may be seen in the construction of the houses; the builders seem to have exhausted their ingenuity in devising ways and means for the introduction of beams and pieces of all conceivable forms, uses, and sizes. The whole fabric, indeed, has the appearance of a net-work of timber, the interstices of which are filled with brown, diminutive, unburnt bricks, such as in our climate would crumble to nothing in a single winter, and whose duration for centuries proves the dryness of the mountain air to which they are exposed.

As we have already said, the village is one of the quietest little hiding-places in the world; it contains neither ruins, caverns, cataracts, or great men, to be stared at; has no opera, picture-gallery, race-course, or battle-field, to win the presence of the tourist for fashion's sake; and is in all respects one of the most unpretending, sensible, sleepy little villages that ever throve in indolence and contentment at the bottom of a valley. How long it will so continue, Heaven alone can tell; for within a little space, a restless Englishman has found it out, as he was burrowing in search of something new among the odd and out-of-the-way corners of Germany; and as

the chances are fifty to one that he makes a book on his return, giving a full account of all that he saw and did, and of much that he neither did nor saw, it may readily be conceived that the comfort and quietness of the inhabitants are in vehement danger of a speedy invasion. At the time to which this tale relates, the village had never been honored or troubled by the presence of those gold-dispensing, discontented islanders; but it was thronged, summer after summer, by all manner of Austrians, Germans, and Russians, of every rank and quality; from the mustached and epauletted Prince, down to the obsequious trading Jew; from the gracious Duchess, to the wife of the poor village schoolmaster; every station in both sexes, had its representative in Langen-Schwalbach.

The motive of these annual assemblages was, and still is, the presence of three little streams of the pure and sparkling element. Langen-Schwalbach is a watering-place. With a most equitable and convenient arrangement, these health-bestowing fountains are disposed at nearly equal distances from the centre of the village; the Stahl-brunnen, or steel spring, welling from a narrow crevice in the rock at the extremity of the right prong; the Wein-brunnen or wine spring, at the point of the other; and the fashionable brunnen of Pauline, flowing from the centre of a grassplot, near the middle of the handle. Each is famous for its peculiar qualities and effects on the system; but to avoid all appearance of partiality, the medical gentlemen have for ages united in declaring, that the happiest results are to be expected from an equal and copious use of them all.

It may readily be inferred from what has been written, that with the exception of the church, the jail, and the school-house, every building in the village, during the season of resort, is a Hof or lodging-house; and that the income of the permanent inhabitants is derived solely from the expenditures of the transient and temporary. But at the period of the incidents to which the notice of the courteous reader is now invited, the greater number of the casual water-drinkers from the brunnens of Langen-Schwalbach, were accustomed to seek and to find their accommodation in two large establishments, maintained solely for the reception of strangers; and each capable of sheltering and providing for the wants of four or five hundred inmates. Both these regular Hofs were edifices of great magnitude; both contained pleasant rooms, well-furnished larders, capital cooks, and attentive landlords; the only point of difference was, that the Goldene Kette relied most strongly upon its antiquity, and the Allee Saal on its novelty, in support of their respective pretensions to the supremacy; and this laid the foundation of all the calamities which will appear in the course of the following narrative.

Conrad Weinbrenner, the landlord of the Goldene Kette, was an honest, silent, and somewhat whimsical German, whose ancestors for seven generations had been his predecessors in the same dignified station. To him the world contained but three objects worth loving; his house, his niece Gertrude, and a huge black-and-white cat, which passed at least one fourth of her time upon his shoulders, as he sat and smoked, in summer, at the end of the broad stoep that extended along the front of the house; and in winter, by the cosy fireside of his own, private, peculiar parlor; and these he did love with all the strength of his heart, soul, and body. We do not in-

clude his pipe among the recipients of his affection; that was a necessity of his nature; a part of his organization; and it would be no more appropriate to say that he loved it, than to apply the same term to his feelings, *quoad* his leg, or arm, or one of his fingers. It is not without reason that, in speaking of the loves of Conrad Weinbrenner, the station of precedence has been assigned to his house; it *was* his first love and his dearest. His niece was a good girl and a pretty, besides being the only creature upon earth, so far as he knew or cared, between whom and himself there was any recognizable relationship; but he loved the Goldene Kette even more than he did the maiden. It was his hereditary estate; his forefathers had dwelt in it, and amassed store of florins by the gains of which it was the source; they were magnates in the land, for even Langen-Schwalbach had its aristocracy; and for more than a hundred years, the landlord of the first hof in the village was its greatest man, by a sort of prescriptive right which no one disputed. He, indeed, always took off his hat to the Dominie, but that was a mere matter of courtesy and respect to his sacred office; secularly, the village had none to contend for supremacy with the Weinbrenners.

It may be conceived, then, with what indignation the excellent Conrad beheld the proceedings of one Herman Olzenbach; a good fellow enough, whose father and grandfather before him had been content to walk through the world as proprietors of the Indien Saal, a house not much more than half as large as the Goldene Kette, but who, as Conrad used to observe, had begun to take airs on himself the moment he came into possession of a round heap of florins, by the death of his uncle, the landlord of the principal hof at the neighboring village of Slangenbad. With these florins, a large piece of ground was bought near the brunnen of Pauline, and masons and carpenters were employed to erect a new lodging-house, quite as large if not somewhat larger than Conrad's. This was the most grievous affront that could be put on that worthy old gentleman, and it was never forgiven. It struck at the root of his most sensitive feelings; it diminished his consequence, and still worse, the consequence of his house; and from the day in which the first shovel was laid to the earth in founding the new building, its enterprising proprietor was at full liberty to behold in Conrad Weinbrenner an ill-wisher and enemy.

At the time of the incidents hereafter to be recorded, the new hof had been built and in full operation, for several years; it did not appear that the number of annual visitors to the Goldene Kette was at all diminished by the attractions of its rival, although Herman Olzenbach was perfectly satisfied with his success; but the displeasure of Conrad was in no wise abated; his rancour had even gone to the length of causing him to rejoice at the grievous misfortune which, about six months previous to the opening of the story, had made Herman a mourner in spite of his worldly prosperity. This was nothing less than the mysterious disappearance of his only son, Frederich; a youth of singular merit, both moral and physical, and a general favorite among all the young men and maidens for miles around. There had been certain love-passages between him and Gertrude, and all the old ladies of Langen-Schwalbach declared, as with one voice, that nothing could be more natural. They had been school-mates together; she was the prettiest girl, and he the smartest and best lad, in the village; and as to

fortune, it was impossible to arrange that more suitably upon both sides; he was an only son, and she an undoubted heiress; by their marriage, the Allee Saal and the Goldene Kette would become one concern, and the very best, too, in the duchy; in short, if there ever was match decidedly marked out by the hand of fate and propitious circumstances, it was that between Gertrude and Frederich. Frederich thought so too, when he found himself old enough to form matrimonial notions; and it was not long before he contrived to obtain the maiden's opinion touching this very important matter. His view of the case was altogether too reasonable and just, as she thought, to be contested; no valid objection could be presented, and she was too good and too honest to make false pretences about it. In short, the young people were lovers, and all the world said that before long they would be man and wife also. But herein all the world, and Gertrude and Frederich also, reckoned literally without their host; from the first moment in which the affair was hinted to Conrad Weinbrenner, he set his face, and his will too, against the match, and nothing could move him from his determination. Gertrude wept, coaxed, and pined; the young man begged, stormed, and raved; his father expostulated; the neighbors wondered, and shook their heads; even the Dominie interfered; but it was all to no manner of purpose. Conrad would not and could not forgive the encroachment upon his dignity perpetrated by Herman Olzenbach, when he set up a rival establishment to the Golden Kette; and although he did not choose to avow this as his reason for opposing the wishes of the young folks, oppose them he did with a quiet, gentle, German obstinacy, which, gentle as it was, seemed fully competent to resist a world. In every thing else he was the very soul of kindness and indulgence to his orphan niece; but his determination was immovable, that if she married Frederich, it must be without his consent, his blessing, or a stiver of his money; and although the young man would have been perfectly willing to take her without either of these requisites, the Dominie objected to the absence of the first, Gertrude herself to that of the second, and the father of the young man to the want of the last, with such firmness, that the marriage became utterly hopeless. The result spread a shade of gloom over the whole village; Gertrude went moping about the house as one who had lost all she cared about keeping; the gossips of both sexes declared that it was a shame and a great pity; and Frederich talked of taking the duke's pay, and going off for a soldier.

All of a sudden the young man was missing; he had fallen into a habit of rambling about in the lonely woods, sometimes for a whole day together; and in two or three instances his absence from his father's hof was prolonged for more than twenty-four hours. On his return he always gave a sufficient account of himself, however; he had wandered as far as Slangenbad, or Bad-Ems, or to the house of some one of his relatives in the neighboring villages; there was, therefore, no great surprise or alarm, when at length three days elapsed, and he did not make his appearance. On the fourth his father grew angry; but when a fifth and a sixth passed away, and the young man was still absent, the Herr Olzenbach was alarmed, and all agreed that the matter began to look serious. The first impression was that he had carried into effect his half-hinted intention of going off for a soldier; but the father himself went to the capital and discovered that no new recruit had come in, at all answering the description of Frederich; and as

weeks rolled away without any tidings, his apprehensions assumed a darker shade of anxiety. A pig-driver deposed to having encountered the youth early one morning, walking rapidly toward the Rhine; that he looked very sad and unhappy, and made no answer when he, the swine-herd, addressed him; a handkerchief which he was known to have worn round his neck, was found on the bank of the river; and this was all that the most zealous and active research could discover.

Time wore away, and the belief of his death became general; the father, indeed, still entertained a lingering hope, but it was very faint; and there was lamentation, the country through, for the young, kind hearted, Frederick. There was one, indeed, who neither believed nor mourned; and this was old Conrad Weinbrenner. He would not admit that the lad was dead. "Nobody killed himself for love now-a-days," he persisted in saying; "and if there were people silly enough, Frederick, of the Allee-Saal, was not such a fool. He had gone off somewhere or other; perhaps to Cologne, or Coblenz, or even to Rotterdam; the lad was a clever, sensible lad, but a little wild; he had taken a notion to see the world, and would come back by and by, with more steadiness in his head, and perhaps, some gold in his pocket." Conrad might have gone farther, and said that he was heartily glad of his rival's misfortune and sorrow; but this he kept to himself, for the affair had gained him some blame already, and whimsical as he was, he liked to *be* liked by his neighbors. It is but justice to add, that his professed view of the case was given in perfect sincerity; he was convinced that his Gertrude's lover was still alive, and alive like to be; and it was this conviction alone, that hardened his heart to the grief of his enemy; if he could have thought Frederick really dead, he would have forgiven Herman with all his heart, and the Allee-Saal into the bargain.

It has been said that the young man's mysterious disappearance bore date about six months previous to the time of this narrative; within that period, two events had occurred, of no little importance, to some, at least, of the characters. The first of these was the establishment of a new and permanent guest at the Goldene Kette, in the person of one Jacob Verbacher, who came, nobody knew whence, to take charge of the village free school; the former incumbent having married, and taken a small farm, three or four leagues distant. This Jacob Verbacher was an exceedingly dark, serious looking personage, apparently thirty or thirty-five years of age, with a limp in his gait, and an ill-favored stoop in his shoulders. One of his eyes, moreover, was always obscured by a patch, and he wore a huge pair of iron spectacles. His appearance was certainly not prepossessing, but he had been strictly examined by the Dominie, and found perfectly qualified for the station; and as his terms were exceedingly moderate, the head men could find no adequate reason for not engaging him. He had made a bargain with Conrad Weinbrenner for lodging and board, by the year; and what was remarkable, paid in advance. He went nowhere, except to his school and to church; seemed to have no taste for society; and mildly, but coldly and firmly, declined all manner of invitations to walks, rides, tea-drinkings, dinners, dances, and music-parties. He was dreadfully shy, and appeared to have an utter aversion to talking. In short, he was a strange sort of man, and

the first impression he made, was by no means favorable; the old women wondered and gossiped about him from morning to night; the men looked hard after him as he passed; and the young people all declared, as with one voice, that Mynheer Verbacher was excessively stupid and disagreeable.

It was remarked, however, that with Conrad Weinbrenner, the new schoolmaster rapidly grew into favor; his taciturnity seemed to inspire his landlord with good will, and it was not long before the favorite cat was seen rubbing her sleek neck against the shins of the new comer, with that peculiar expression of personal friendship and confidence, of which nothing—not even the glad caress of a dog—conveys so strong an idea. At any rate, nothing could demonstrate half so well, that Conrad Weinbrenner had taken a fancy to Jacob Verbacher, than this feline display of attachment; for the cat was never known to be gracious, except to those who found favor in the eyes of her master.

But this was not all. It was observed, too, in process of time, and that with no little surprise, that Gertrude and Verbacher had much to say to each other; they were seen, more than once, walking together in the evening, from one end of the long stoep to the other, in close converse, and apparently much pleased, each with the other. It was noticed, too, that Gertrude began, all of a sudden, to look cheerful and happy, as she had done before Frederich disappeared; her eye grew bright, her cheek rosy, and her step light and buoyant; and her merry voice began to be heard again, caroling out bits of songs from morning till night, as she skipped from one room to another, seeing that all was in order, and that the wants of the guests were attended to by the servants. The people all said she had forgotten Frederich; and there were not wanting those who boldly expressed their opinion, that it was not much to her credit, so soon after the loss of a lover like him, to take up with a down-looking, limping, one-eyed, round-shouldered, schoolmaster.

The other event to which reference has been made, as having occurred since Frederich's disappearance, was the arrival, at Langen-Schwalbach, of a personage, totally different in all his characteristics, from any previous visitor; and one, too, whose doings made no little sensation among all parties. He came, one day, by the diligence, from Coblenz, with no companion save a huge Newfoundland dog, and a large assortment of baggage; he was set down at the Goldene Kette, and the name by which he thought proper to enter himself on the books, was Major McDermot. What he came for was the first subject of speculation; for a more healthy, robust appearance, never figured among the walks of a watering place; but he chose to assert, that his sole purpose in coming, was to avail himself of the benefits of the springs. He was an Irishman; and one of the most jovial, frank-hearted, good-humored, noisy, mischievous creatures, that ever sported a red coat and an epaulette. He spoke German perfectly well, barring the rich brogue with which his pronunciation was flavored; and seemed to possess a marvellous faculty of making himself quite at home every where, and upon good terms with every body. He had a smile and a joke for every girl in the village; seemed to know all their names, by a sort of natural instinct; and could no more exist within view of a petticoat with-

out making love to it, one part in earnest and three in jest, than he could drink the waters without an infusion of brandy ; which he declared was the most unchristian practice he ever had seen in his travels. Add to all this, that the Major was stout and broad-shouldered, six feet high, and some thirty or thirty-five years of age, and the portrait is finished.

From the moment of his arrival, there was evident disagreement between him and Jacob Verbacher ; not manifested, indeed, by words or actions, but as plainly as could be by looks, and a mutual air of avoidance. The gossips had no difficulty in tracing this effect to its cause ; for the Major seemed to take a particular pleasure in flirting and romping with Gertrude, and always contrived to have some very especial occasion for her assistance, whenever he found her and the schoolmaster together. Gertrude was a good, innocent girl, and not the least bit of a coquette ; but the Major's manner was irresistible, and do what she might, there was no such thing as keeping out of his way, or preserving her gravity when he began to play off his drolleries. For an Irishman, he was possessed of an amazing degree of tact ; or rather, his good humor was so perfect and so apparent, that no one could be cool or reserved with him, take offence at his pranks, or withstand the contagious influence of his smile. It was in vain that Verbacher played sulky ; the blacker he looked, the more Major McDermot romped with his young landlady ; and the harder she found it either to be or to seem any thing but amused and pleased with his half-joking attentions.

In the mean time, the summer drew to its close. Autumn came on, and winter was near at hand. The water drinkers began to take flight by dozens and twenties, and both Gertrude and Verbacher expected to see the Major take leave, every day ; the latter with great but joyful impatience, and the former, not altogether without satisfaction. She liked the gay Irishman well enough, but she feared some mischief between him and the moody pedagogue. But the Major seemed to be quite content with his quarters ; and week after week rolled away, till he was the only visitor at the hof—and yet there was no symptom of going. At last, he declared, in plain terms, that the waters did him so much good, he had made up his mind to stay all the winter.

THE HURRICANE.

'Twas night upon the deep ;
But the moon withheld her light,
And the starry watchers bright
Had veiled their eyes in sleep.
Dark vapors hung on high ;
And the ocean's leaden breast,
In sad and sullen rest,
Mirrored the gloomy sky.

The surf was moaning near,
With a heavy hollow roll,
Steeping every gallant soul
In deep and solemn fear.

Yet softly did she ride
On the tropic's cradling wave—
That beauteous bark and brave—
Slow swinging to the tide.

Her snowy sails were furled,
Through the murky midnight gleaming,
And her lazy pennon, streaming
To the water's margin, curled.
By many a spicy isle
Had she waved her glittering wing,
Fanned by the endless spring,
And lured by the sea's false smile.

But never—never—more
Shall her pinions chase the spray,
Cleaving her liquid way
To her native England's shore.
A dazzling, blinding, flash!
And the trembling arch of heaven,
From the zenith downward riven,
Reeled to the stunning crash!

The night winds murmured shrill,
As though some spirit's cry
Wailed in its warning sigh.
It ceased—and all was still.
'Twas but a moment's space—
And again the lightning's stream
Revealed, with lurid gleam,
Each pale and ghostlike face.

Then raved the tempest's yell,
And the tortured sea was toiling,
Like one vast cauldron boiling
Above some central hell!
The billows might not rise,
Whirled in clouds of driving spray,
By the mad tornado's sway,
Beneath the howling skies.

Loud pealed the breaker's roar,
Knelling in the seaman's ear
Sounds of more than mortal fear,
From the perilous lee shore.
A single sail was spread—
If perchance it might endure—
Dangerous but only cure,
When hope herself was dead.

All the long and fearful night,
She wrestled with her fate,
If the storm might yet abate,
By dawn of morning light.
'Tis done—she floats a wreck,
Driving before the gale,
Without a stick, or sail,
Bare to her shattered deck.

High on the black rocks driven,
Her bones bestrew the verge—
Their knell the raving surge—
Their canopy the heaven!—
Long! long on England's shore
They may gaze—but that brave bark
Shall plough the billows dark—
Never—no never more!

FAMILIAR ANECDOTES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. By James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd; with a Sketch of the Life of the Shepherd, by S. De Witt Bloodgood. pp. 251.—New York, 1834. Harper & Brothers.

Among the conversations narrated in "*A Visit to the Ettrick Shepherd*," which appeared in our last number, it was mentioned that Hogg had sent a manuscript to a friend in this country, in relation to Sir Walter Scott. The work referred to has since been published, under the title which stands at the head of this article.

Whoever introduces us to the "familiar" manners and habits of a man, who fills a large space in the history of the world—whoever points out the lights and shades of his character—the difficulties he has surmounted, and the adulations he has withstood—does a service to the public. But, when he who undertakes the task, is himself distinguished for a kindred genius, he comes before us with added attractions—his pages are read with double interest—and the lessons he inculcates are more deeply impressed on our memories. We hail with pleasure, the publication of "*Familiar Anecdotes of Sir Walter Scott*," as well for the subject as for the author. These anecdotes are strongly characteristic of the Shepherd's mind. He has often said, "I like to write about myself,"—and, in the work before us, he has very decidedly evinced his liking, for the greater part of it records scenes in which, with Scott, he was present, and opinions which Scott expressed of him. The Shepherd writes as he speaks, and we like him the better for it. Those who have familiarly conversed with him, while reading his prose, see the old man before their eyes, with all his naïvete, his good humor, self-complacency, and unoffending egotism. The sincerity with which he writes, atones for his rambling narrative, and—we might say—for the graceful carelessness of his style.

Mr. Bloodgood, the American Biographer, occupies something like one half of the volume. In what he has said, we find little that is new, though we believe it will be new to the generality of cis-Atlantic readers. All the circumstances and incidents of the Shepherd's history, seem to be gathered from the autobiographies, prefixed to the "*Mountain Bard*" and "*Altrive Tales*," which Mr. B. has put together with some care and accuracy, in a pleasing, if not in an elegant, style. He is very sincere in his desire to benefit his poet friend. The work is well got up, on good paper, and large type: and the profits are to be appropriated to the use of the Shepherd. We trust that the American people, who have often been delighted with the works of Hogg—whose writings have cheered them in many a long night, will now come forward, and, by the purchase of the book, contribute to his profit. It is the first, and perhaps the last opportunity, which may ever be offered to them, of testifying their appreciation of his character as a poet and novelist.

Before touching upon the "Anecdotes," we shall attempt a bird's-eye view of the Shepherd's eventful life: it is not without interest.

James is the second son of Robert Hogg and Margaret Laidlaw, and was

born at Ettrick, on the 25th January, 1772. His progenitors, like himself, were shepherds. His father having saved a considerable sum of money, about the time of his marriage, took a lease of two farms; but, by the fall in the price of sheep, and the absconding of his principal debtor, he was, in a few years after, turned out of doors without a farthing in the world, and again forced to become a shepherd. James was then in his sixth year; a farmer hired him to herd cows, at the half-yearly wages of a ewe lamb and a pair of shoes. During the winter quarter he attended a school, and reached "the bible class," and also attempted writing. This was all the education that he ever received. After pursuing the life of a herd for some years, he was promoted to the tendance of sheep, and became a shepherd. Having saved *five shillings*, he purchased an old violin, and became a tolerable cat-gut scraper. It was in 1796, then 24 years of age, that he first versified. Like Burns, his first efforts were songs; and like him, too, his greatest ambition was to hear them chanted by the lassies of his native hills. He was now dignified with the title of "Jamie, the Poeter." We shall let the Shepherd speak for himself, at the commencement of his poetical career.

"I had no more difficulty in composing songs then, than I have at present. But then the writing of them—that was a job! I had no method of learning to write, than by following the Italian alphabet; and although I always stripped myself of coat and vest when I began to pen a song, yet my wrist took a cramp, so that I could rarely make above four or six lines at a sitting.

"Whether my manner of writing it out was new, I know not; but it was not without singularity. Having very little time to spare from my flock, which was unruly enough, I folded and stitched a few sheets of paper together, which I carried in my pocket. I had no ink-horn, but in place of it, I *borrowed* a small vial, which I fixed in a hole in the breast of my waistcoat, and having a cork fastened by a piece of twine, it answered the purpose fully as well. Thus equipped, whenever a leisure minute or two offered, and I had nothing else to do, I sat down and wrote out my thoughts as I found them. This is still my invariable practice in writing prose. I cannot make out one sentence by study, without the pen in my hand, to catch the ideas as they arise. My manner of composing poetry is very different, and I believe, much more singular. Let the piece be of what length it will, I compose and correct wholly in my mind, or on a slate, ere ever I put pen to paper, and then I write it down as fast as the A. B. C."

About this time, a half-witted fellow first told him of Burns, who had died the preceding year, and recited to him, "Tam O'Shanter." This inimitable poem, says his American biographer, impressed itself deeply on the Shepherd's mind, and before his companion left him, he could repeat every word of it himself! A strong memory seems to be the prerogative of the Bards of Scotland. Sir Walter Scott has been known to repeat a poem of several hundred lines, merely upon hearing it recited once.

It appears that the ambition, as well as the memory, of the Shepherd, was affected by the information. On comparing the friendless youth of Burns with his own, he found a close resemblance between them; and when it occurred to him that his own birth-day was also that of Burns, that ballads and songs had inspired them both, he resolved to "be a poet and follow in his steps."

It was in 1800 that the Shepherd first appeared in print, by publishing the famous song of "Donald McDonald." It became a universal favorite, and was at once received into all societies—it was sung at every patriotic meeting, and every one applauded it, but not one, it seems, knew or cared to know the author's name. In 1801 the Shepherd resolved to leave his native hills and visit Edinburgh—he believed himself, as he says, "a grand poet," and sapiently determined on publishing a pamphlet. He took with him to the metropolis a number of sheep; being unable to dispose of them all on the first market-day, he put them into a park, and, while waiting for the next market, set about copying from memory several of his poems

for publication; he was obliged to select, not his best, but those he remembered best. They were printed, and he returned to the "Forest" again. In 1802 the third volume of Scott's *Border Minstrelsy* appeared, to which the Shepherd contributed many anecdotes, and for which due credit was given to him. His ambition was now awakened; and during a voluntary exile from Ettrick, in consequence of disasters there, he set about collecting and recomposing all the traditions and legends which he could gather, and published them under the title of the "Mountain Bard." This volume contained many fine poems, which still hold a high place in the republic of letters. Very soon after this, he published a work entitled "Hogg on sheep." From these works he realized about £300. He was then in the service of a gentleman in Nithsdale; but so large a sum of money nearly turned the poet mad. He now took a pasture farm at double its value, and also another, more extensive. To conduct them profitably required means far above his reach;—in a word, before a year had passed, the poet had lost every cent of his money. He gave up all to his creditors, and returned to Ettrick Forest. Friends, he found, had altered; and, having obtained the character of speculative farmer and poet, no one would employ him as a shepherd. Without money and without employment he spent the winter in his native hills. Early in the spring he wrapped his plaid about him, and trudged again to Edinburgh, where he found his poetic talents rated as low as his shepherd qualities were in Ettrick. He applied in vain, to the literary craft for employment. After a time, Constable published "The Forest Minstrel," but it does not appear that he ever realized a cent from this work. The Shepherd was now in his thirty-eighth year, and, as he says, "knew no more of human manners than a child." Unskilled as he was in the ways of the world, ignorant of the tricks of authorship, and with no education, he resolved to become an editor. On the 1st of September, 1810, the first number of the "Spy" made its appearance, on a quarto demi sheet, price four pence. It continued for a year. For this work the Shepherd wrote 830 quarto columns—a proof, certainly, of great industry. In the spring of 1813, the most celebrated of all his poems—"The Queen's Wake"—appeared. It was planned and executed in a few months. A man by the name of Goldie was publisher. On the appearance of the third edition, Goldie failed, by which misfortune the Shepherd lost all the money that he had made from the preceding editions. Blackwood was one of Goldie's assignees, and from this circumstance Hogg first became acquainted with him.

Such was the popularity of the *Queen's Wake*, that a fourth edition was published by Messrs. Murray and Blackwood, but it produced no solid returns. A fifth, a beautiful specimen of typography, succeeded better.

In 1814, while on a visit to the Highlands, he wrote "Mador of the Moor." In the same year, he also finished the "Pilgrims of the Sun." His next project was to edit a volume of poetry, to consist of original compositions from the pens of the most distinguished authors of the country; but it fell through, as several who had promised him contributions, failed in their engagement. Chagrined at this, the Shepherd commenced imitating the style of those upon whom he had relied, and this was the origin of his "Poetic Mirror;" it was finished in three weeks, and in three months thereafter it was published anonymously, and sold well. The Shepherd next published some Dramas, but they did not take well with the public,

and then "Queen Hynde," which was better received. From the time that he had given up the "Spy," he had been meditating a periodical work, and about this time mentioned the subject to Pringle and Gray. He then went to Blackwood with his plan, and was informed by him that he had contemplated a similar undertaking. Pringle, at the suggestion of the Shepherd, sent his plan in writing to Blackwood, with a list of his contributors—the result was, the establishment of "Blackwood's Magazine." It was proposed that Hogg should be one of the principal assistants; but Pringle having taken Cleghorn as a partner, he declined all connection with it, farther than as an occasional contributor. The editors, as Hogg had predicted, quarrelled in about four months—the history of this celebrated magazine is too well known to speak further of it. We may remark, *en passant*, that Hogg, in his memoirs, acknowledges himself to be the author of the "Chaldee Manuscript," which made such a terrible noise at the time. Blackwood, as the Shepherd says, was prevailed upon to publish it, "by some of the rascals to whom he showed it," and, "they interlarded it with a good deal of deevilry of their own." His next work was the "Brownie of Bodsbeck"—written, as he says, "long ere the tale of Old Mortality was heard of, and a counterpart to that." It was Blackwood's fault that this tale was not published a year sooner—this was, in his opinion, another misfortune. With something of a morbid sensibility, he attributes his many casualties not only to the want of judgment in the publishers themselves, but to the influence of the aristocracy upon those publishers.

"For my own part, I know that I have always been looked on by the learned part of community, as an intruder in the paths of literature, and every opprobrium has been thrown on me from that quarter. The truth is, I am so. The walks of learning are occupied by a powerful aristocracy, who deem that province their peculiar right, else what would avail them all their dear-bought collegiate honors and degrees? No wonder they should view an intruder from the humble and despised ranks of the community with a jealous and indignant eye, and impede his progress by every means in their power."

In consequence of Scott having refused to contribute to the work contemplated some time before, as mentioned, Hogg quarrelled with him. After the publication of the *Brownie of Bodsbeck*, the author fell dangerously sick, and being poor, was exposed to many privations. Notwithstanding that Hogg had not spoken to Scott in a year, and notwithstanding that he had told him "that he held his friendship and literary talents in contempt," Scott called daily to inquire after the Shepherd's health. We shall quote the account of Scott's goodness from the *Altrive Tales*.

"One day in particular he took Mr. Griere aside, and asked him if I had proper attendants and an able physician. Mr. Griere assured him that I was properly attended, and had the skill of a professional gentleman, in whom I had the most implicit confidence. 'I would fain have called,' said he, 'but I knew not how I would be received. I request, however, that he may have every proper attendance, and want for nothing that can contribute to the restoration of his health. And in particular, I have to request that you will let no pecuniary consideration whatever prevent his having the best medical advice in Edinburgh, for I shall see it paid. Poor Hogg! I would not for all that I am worth in the world that any thing serious should befall him.' As Mr. Griere had been enjoined, he never mentioned this circumstance to me. I accidentally, however, came to the knowledge of it some months afterwards. I then questioned him as to the truth of it, when he told me it all, very much affected. I went straight home, and wrote an apology to Sir Walter, which was heartily received, and he invited me to breakfast next morning, adding that he was longing much to see me."

Hogg has recorded an anecdote of a quarrel with Mr. Wilson, which had a similar termination, from the magnanimity of his opponent. Mr. Wilson criticised a poem of his, called the "Field of Waterloo," with a degree of severity which threw its author into a violent rage. He wrote the critic a most irritating letter, to which he received a reply that was both an explanation and apology. This melted the heart of the Shepherd, and has induced him since to overlook the playfulness, or mischievousness, of many liberties which the same person has since taken with his name. Poems, letters, and essays, and indeed, many of the far famed Noctes of Blackwood, have, doubtless, been *palmed* off successfully as Hogg's productions, by the author of the Isle of Palms.

"The Jacobite Relics of Scotland" was his next undertaking—the first volume of which appeared in 1819—and between the first and second volumes, "The Winter Evening Tales" was published. From 1809 till 1814, the Shepherd resided in Edinburgh, as he says, "Having no home or place of retirement in my native district of Ettrick Forest." In the course of the last mentioned year, the Duke of Buccleugh presented him with the small farm of Altrive Lake, in the wilds of Yarrow. In 1820 he married. Not content with Altrive Lake alone, and having, in the hands of his various publishers, about £1,000, he determined, once more to farm upon a large scale—in which resolution he took the farm of Mount Bengier, adjoining his own. He stocked this farm so largely, and proceeded so extravagantly in improvements, that he got into difficulties at the very outset. At the end of the lease, his stock having declined one half, he "came out of the speculation without a sixpence in the world—and at the age of sixty, it is fully late enough to begin it anew." The work in which he was last engaged, planned in 1829, is the "Altrive Tales," to occupy twelve volumes—but owing to the failure of his publisher, this undertaking, like many of his others, turned out unfortunate for him. It is unnecessary to chronicle the various works which he has published since his Winter Evening Tales; suffice it to say, that now, at the age of sixty-two, he resides at Altrive Lake, and his principal support is derived from his contributions to the periodical journals of Scotland, and to the Annuals. We shall close this sketch with the following extract of a letter to his American biographer, dated 7th March last:

"I am most proud of being valued so highly by my transatlantic brethren; it unluckily happens, that the older I grow, and the more unfit for mental exertion, the more it is required. I published, the last spring, the Altrive Tales, and in summer, the Queer Book. If the latter has not yet found its way to any of the presses of the states, it might be of some value to you, as all my best ballads, both humorous and pathetic, are included; but a few of them have appeared in Blackwood.

"I am, likewise, engaged to commence a series of tales in November, which will run from ten to twelve volumes. For, though I was a poor shepherd more than half a century ago, I have still got no farther than a poor shepherd to this day."

In his "Familiar Anecdotes," we find much that is not only pleasing, but interesting; we find something, also, to censure. In more instances than one, the Shepherd places Scott in a new light—and, we fear, aims to make him, in some respects, unamiable and jealous. We should have been better pleased, if the anecdotes had been more varied—they relate, almost entirely, to the Shepherd himself. It may be urged as a reason for this, that the Shepherd could best remember such anecdotes, and that he could relate only those things which took place when he was present. We regret that he should have omitted that act of kind regard when he was dangerously sick; and the more so, as he could scarcely have forgotten such a circumstance, when out of it came the reconciliation of a

long standing quarrel. It is not our purpose to quote largely from the publication before us. We rather recommend the reader to the book itself, as well for the pleasure which its perusal will afford him, as for the fact, that by the purchase, he is adding to the Shepherd's profit.

SCOTT'S FOIBLE.

The only foible I ever could discover in the character of Sir Walter, was a too strong leaning to the old aristocracy of the country. His devotion for titled rank was prodigious; and, in such an illustrious character, altogether out of place. It amounted almost to adoration; and, not to mention the numerous nobility whom I have met at his own house and in his company, I shall give a few instances of that sort of feeling in him to which I allude. PAGE 140—1.

If this was Sir Walter's only foible, it is one that we all can pardon. It arose, not so much from any bias of education, as from an innate quality of his mind. That very quality, which induced his veneration of the noble, the high, the sacred, and commanding—which made him untiring in those very pursuits that have tended so greatly to ennoble, not himself merely, but his country. It induced his search into ancient memorials, and among those mouldering ruins, the relics of past ages, and of a different people; it won for us, and for an extended future, those thousand legends of the old romance, which have charmed us in all seasons, and made all seasons charming.

SCOTT'S CONVIVIALITY.

It was at a feast at Bowhill, the residence of Scott and of Buccleugh.

When the Duke retired to the drawing room, he deputed Sir Alexander Don, who sat next him, to his chair. We had long before been all at one table. Sir Alexander instantly requested a bumper out of champagne glasses to the Duke's health, with all the honors. It was instantly complied with, and every one drank it to the bottom. Don then proposed the following of so good an example as his Grace had set us; and accordingly, we were all obliged to mount our chairs again, and setting one foot on the table, sing Johnie Cope over again. Every one at least attempted it, and Sir Alexander sang the song in most capital style. The Scotts, and the Elliots, and some Taites, now began to fall with terrible thuds on the floor, but Sir Walter still kept his station as steady as a rock, and laughed immoderately. But this was too good fun to be given up. The Marquis of Queensberry, who was acting as Croupier, said that such a loyal and social Border Clan could never separate without singing, "God save the King," and that though we had drunk to his health at the beginning, we behoved to do it again, and join in the anthem. We were obliged to mount our chairs again, and in the same ticklish position, sing the King's Anthem. Down we went, one after another. Nay, they actually fell in heaps above each other. I fell off and took a prodigious run to one corner of the room, against which I fell, which created great merriment. There were not above six stood the test this time, out of from thirty to forty. Sir Walter did, and he took all the latter bumpers off to the brim. *He had a good head more ways than one.* PAGE 152—4.

SCOTT ANGRY.

There was one Sunday morning I found him in very bad humor indeed. He was sitting at his desk in his study at Castle-street, and when I went in he looked up to me with a visage as stern as that of a judge going to pronounce sentence on a malefactor, and at the same time, he neither rose nor saluted me, which was always his wont, and the first words that he addressed to me were these, "Mr. Hogg, I am very angry with you, I tell you it plainly, and I think I have a right to be so. I demand, sir, an explanation of a sentence in your *Spy* of yesterday."

Knowing perfectly well to what sentence he alluded, my peasant blood began to boil, and I found it rushing to my head and face most violently, as I judged myself by far the most aggrieved. "Then I must first demand an explanation from you, Mr. Scott," said I; "Were you the author of the article alluded to in my paper, which places you at the head, and me at the tail, nay, as the very dregs of all the poets of Britain?"

"What right had you, sir, to suppose that I was the author of it?" said he, in a perfect rage.

"Nay, what right had you to suppose that you were the author of it, that you are taking it so keenly to yourself?" said I. "The truth is, that when I wrote the remarks, I neither knew nor cared who was the author of the article alluded to; but before the paper went to press, I believed it to have been Mr. Southey, for Johny Ballantyne told me so, and swore to it; but if the feather suits your cap, you are perfectly welcome to it."

"Very well, Hogg," said he, "that is spoken like a man, and like yourself; I am satisfied. I thought it was meant as personal to me in particular. But, never mind. We are friends again as usual. Sit down and we will go to our breakfast together immediately, and it shall never more be mentioned between us." P. 159—161.

PLAGIARISM ALLEDGED AGAINST SCOTT.

When *The Three Perils of Man* appeared, he read me a long lecture on my extravagance in Demonology, and assured me I had ruined one of the best tales in the world. *It is manifest, however, that the tale had made no ordinary impression on him, as he subsequently copied the whole of the main plot into his tale of Castle Dangerous.* P. 173.

The Shepherd is quite too free in making charges like these; besides, if there be any ground for the assertion, the reader will remember, and so should Hogg, as Scott's friends have, that the author of *Castle Dangerous* was a sick—in fact, a dying—author, and according to all evidence, scarcely then in his perfect mind.

LADY SCOTT.

"By all means come and see me," said he, "and I will there introduce you to my wife. She is a foreigner, as dark as a blackberry, and does not speak the broad Scots so well as you and me, of course; I don't expect you to admire her much, but I shall assure you of a hearty welcome."

I went and visited him the first time I had occasion to be in Edinburgh, expecting to see Mrs. Scott, a kind of half black-a-moor, whom our Sheriff had married for a great deal of money. I knew nothing about her, and had never heard of her, save from his own description; but the words, "as dark as a blackberry," had fixed her colour indelibly on my mind. Judge of my astonishment when I was introduced to one of the most beautiful and handsome creatures, as Mrs. Scott, whom I had ever seen in my life. A brunette, certainly, with raven hair and large black eyes, but in my estimation a perfect beauty. I found her quite affable, and she spoke English very well, save that she put always the *d* for the *th*, and left the aspiration of the *h* out altogether. She called me all her life, Mr. Og. I understood perfectly well what she said, but, for many years, I could not make her understand what I said; she had frequently to ask an explanation from her husband, and I must say this of Lady Scott, though it was well known how jealous she was of the rank of Sir Walter's visitors, yet I was all my life received with the same kindness as if I had been a relation or one of the family, although one of his most homely daily associates. But there were many others, both poets and play-actors, whom he received with no very pleasant countenance. Jeffrey and his satellites she could not endure, and there was none whom she disliked more than Brougham, for what reason I do not know, but I have heard her misce' him terribly, as well as "dat body Jeffrey."

It has been said that Lady Scott, one day after the publication of the *Edinburgh Review*, which contained a notice of *Marmion*, meeting Jeffrey in the street, she actually and soundly boxed his ears for it. Hogg, in another part of his anecdotes, speaks *mysteriously* of Lady Scott. We are sorry that he has done so. He has cast a suspicion over her origin, which, to say the least, was vastly indelicate and ungenerous; it comes with an ill grace from him, as we find in a preceding page that she always received him kindly. We will not quote his remarks.

JEFFREY'S INSOLENCES.

I have heard Sir Walter tell an anecdote of this review of *Marmion*. As he and Jeffrey, Southey, Curwin, and some other body, I have forgotten who, were sailing

on Derwent water, at Keswick, in Cumberland, one fine day, Mr. Jeffrey, to amuse the party, took from his pocket the manuscript of the review of *Marmion*, and read it throughout. This, I think, was honest in Jeffrey, but the rest of the company were astonished at his insolence, and at some passages did not know where to look. When he had finished, he said, "Well, Scott, what think you of it? what shall be done about it?" "At all events, I have taken my resolution what to do," said Scott; "I'll just sink the boat." The review was a little modified after that. P. 178.

SCOTT AND HIS MANUSCRIPTS.

When the *Lady of the Lake* was mostly, or at least partly in manuscript, he said to me one evening, "I am going to adventure a poem on the public quite different from my two last, perfectly different in its theme, style, and measure." On which he took the manuscript from his desk, and read me the course of *The Fiery Cross*, and the *Battle of the Trosachs*. I said, "I could not perceive any difference at all between the style of that and his former poems, save that, because it was quite new to me, I thought it rather better." He was not quite well pleased with the remark, and was just saying I would think differently when I had time to peruse the whole poem, when Sir John Hope came in, and I heard no more.

After that he never read any thing more to me before publishing, save one ghost story. His fame became so firmly established, that he cared not a fig for the opinions of his literary friends before hand. But there was one forenoon he said to me in his study, I have never durst venture upon a real ghost story, Mr. Hogg, but you have published some such thrilling ones of late, that I have been this very day employed in writing one. I assure you, "it's no little that gars auld Donald pegh," but yon Lewis stories of yours frightened me so much, that I could not sleep, and now I have been trying my hand on one, and here it is. He read it; but it did not make a great impression on me, for I do not know, at this moment, not having his works by me, where it is published. It was about the ghost of a lady, and, I think, appeared in the *Abbot or Monastery*. He read me, also, a humorous poem in manuscript, which has never been published that I know of. *It was something about finding out the happiest man, and making him a present of a new Holland shirt. Paddy got it, who had never known the good of a shirt.* Mr. Scott asked me what I thought of it. I said, the characters of the various nations were exquisitely hit off, but I thought the winding-up was not so effective as it might have been made. He said he believed I was perfectly right. I never heard what became of that poem, or whether it was ever published or not; for living in the wilderness, as I have done, for the last twenty years, I know very little of what is going on in the literary world.

The work to which the Shepherd refers in the latter part of these extracts, has been published; the title of the poem was, "A Search after Happiness." It was a poor affair, and the joke very meagre.

HOGG'S NAIVETE.

One of Sir Walter's representatives has taken it upon him to assert, that Sir Walter always held me in the lowest contempt! *He never was farther wrong in his life, but Sir Walter would still have been farther wrong if he had done so. Of that, posterity will judge;* but I assure that individual, that there never was a gentleman in the world, who paid more respect or attention to a friend, than Sir Walter did to me, for the space of the thirty years that we were acquainted.

Our space will neither permit us to indulge in farther quotations, nor to make farther remarks. We close this notice with our hope that the volume will meet a large and rapid sale, for we should be pleased if from its sale a few hundred dollars could be sent to its industrious and deserving author.

THE HAPPINESS OF TEARS.

Flooding those azure orbs—as we did part—
Forth rushed the anguish of thy brimming heart;
And thou, thrice blest, my love didst well nigh doubt,
Which inly boiling, shewed no drop without.
Thrice blest—to scape that wretchedness, so deep
'Twould barter life for tears, yet may not—cannot—weep! Q.

THE REEFER'S FIRST CRUISE.

THE next morning, at four o'clock, I was called to the morning watch; and for the first time, felt the difficulty of keeping awake while walking. It was only through the assistance of Harry that I could save myself from tumbling over every thing about decks. Every few minutes he would give me a shake, accompanied with some such remark as, "Look out, man, you are getting stern board on; fill away,"—or, "There is another lee lurch; you will fetch up over a gun-slide presently, and then you will know which is the hardest, live oak or your own shins; now steady, so, don't spring your luff again." At last the music was called, and the enlivening reveille soon awakened me completely. The lively tune seemed even to arouse the young morn; and in a few moments Livorno and the adjacent shores were lit by the rising sun. The road-stead was crowded with vessels—the Polacca, with her many masts in one stick, and her sails furled in and upon one another—the bright-sided American brig and ship—the black men of war of different nations—and the little lateen rigged craft, with her long yards lowered, formed as strong a contrast to a New Yorker, as the craft in our own crowded harbor—smack, sloop, pilot boat, schooner, brig and ship—would, in the eyes of an Italian.

The white town, with its turrets and old castles, was as clearly defined as if it were a line engraving. No cloud of coal smoke hovering over it; indeed, nothing to affect the clearness of an Italian sky. The little fishing boats and market boats were working their way into the harbor with sail and oar, and in the offing, a tall frigate might be seen, with her canvass hanging listlessly from the yards, or idly flapping against the masts, with banner and pennon drooping from gaff and truck. The surface of the sea was as varied. In one place, the little fishing boat was driven along by the breeze, while the oar in the hand of the weary fisherman was suspended over the water. In another, the waters, just crisped by a gentle air, gave way before the vigorous arms of the oarsman, who would not wait for the lazy breeze to waft him to port. And again, there were smooth mirror-like streaks of calm, only broken by the strained ash of the industrious man, who wished to be as early in market as his compeers, with his scaly freight.

I was looking with interest upon the scene, and comparing it with our own bay, when Harry hit me a knock on the shoulder, and broke in upon my reflections, with, "Come, my lad, it's no timeto be taking bearings and distances now; just be attending to washing down decks, or you will stand a good chance of getting put in quarantine, and then you may perhaps not be able to say that you ever put a foot upon the green sward of sunny Italy. Wait till our watch is over, and I will get you sent ashore in the first boat, and then you can get a fair view of every thing, from clew to earing; and now just be shying around, and see that the decks are properly washed down.

The labors of the morning watch were soon over, and after breakfast, a boat was despatched to the shore for fresh provisions, for both men and officers. The wind, by this time, had sprung up, and after we had shoved off, we made sail on the boat. Harry gave me the helm, with the direction, "Full and by;" he then began to rattle on with his accustomed volubility: "Now, my lad, a few minutes, and you will be able to say that you have been in Italy—not the most classic part of it, to be sure: for here are no cloud-cap't towers—no gorgeous palaces.—No near, you are getting her too much in the wind.—But Livorno is now to Italy, what Venice was to the mart of the fair state.—Luff, man, luff, you are heading pretty nearly for Barbary.—Leghorn is now, perhaps, the most flourishing city in Italy, and decidedly the tamest. None of the frescos of Florence or Rome—no statues—no paintings—even little Pisa beats her, with her tower and cathedral.—Small helm, man, you yaw her about like a craft in a heavy ground swell—but at all events, it is Italy, and it is something to say you have been there."

"But, Harry, as we are in quarantine, I don't see what advantage it will be to me. I can learn nothing, and see nothing."

"Learn nothing and see nothing,"—repeated Harry,—“is it not a great deal to say?”

“My foot I've planted on Italia's strand.”

“There is poetry for you. I always feel poetical when I approach this classic shore, particularly after I have had a good breakfast, expect a good dinner, and stand in no fear of being rowed by the first lieutenant. Romance and poetry are mighty good things on a full stomach, but they won't stand short allowance. It plays the devil with them. A half a pound of raw pork, and a pint of water, that you have to strain through your teeth, would knock poetry out of Byron, and romance out of the romance of the forest, into the wilderness, where the wicked are at rest, and the weary cease from sinning.”

“How is it with love, Harry?” said I. I had brought him a package, closely folded, trebly sealed, and directed in a most masculine hand, for one that could not be mistaken for that of a lady.

“Give me the yoke-ropes,” said he, coloring, not red, but grey, “and I will show you fun.” The men were reclining in various seamen-like positions, that savored much more of ease than of grace. The bowsman was bending over the waters, as if he expected to make some valuable discovery. Harry clapped the helm hard down, and instantly the boat luffed up, and the man's head and shoulders were well washed down by the next wave. “There,” said Harry, “you lilly-livered, laughter-loving, long-spliced lubber, laugh at that, will you, and learn to rig out your carcass over the side, like a lower stun-sail boom.”

“Well,” said I, “Harry, about the love affair; will salt water wash that out in less than no time, or does it stick like tar?”

“I'll tell you what it is, my lad,”—was the answer,—“we are in the same mess, and in the same watch: and just as sure as you attempt to run me about that letter, I'll ride you down like a main-tack, every time you get into a scrape on board ship. So just clap a stopper on your slack jaw;

and if you find a man fool enough to fall in love, let him stand on whatever tack he has a mind to, without opening your mouth. And now, look out how you fetch the boat along side of this stone wharf. Round her to, handsomely—luff—steady, so—let go and haul down. Well behaved. I could not have done it better if I had tried twice.”

We stepped on the landing, which was about twelve feet wide, the quarantine building excluding us from any view of the city: and Harry congratulated me warmly upon being in the classical land of Italy. A month, he informed me, might carry me to Africa and Asia; and then, a little three months would have placed me upon the four continents of the globe. I admitted that such might very well be the fact, but I could not very well see what advantages were to result from such visits, except the mere gratification of boasting that I had touched the four continents; and that, although that might sound big, I should scarcely feel competent to convey any information as to the countries visited, if I were called upon so to do.

“Never mind that,” said Harry, “just read books, and say what they do; any such thing will go down with those long shore chaps, who don’t know the main brace from the Captain’s breeches; they’d swallow a hawser, provided it was properly slushed with small talk; and all you have to do, is to talk of maccaroni, and vermicelli, and lazzaroni, and such men and matters; and tell them how the *ladroni* murdered three or four boats’ crews, and sent their ears to their grandfathers; and how the sun rose in unclouded splendor, and sunk pretty much in the same rig; and how the grapes blushed, all except the white ones, and how they didn’t blush; and how the figs were fresh, instead of being dried; and how there were as many marble statues as there are rope-yarns in a cable; and as much more traveller lingo as they will swallow.”

The provisions now came—we got them on board—and instantly shoved off again. The forward part of the boat was filled with fresh beef and vegetables; and the stern sheets were crowded with baskets containing fresh figs, melons, oranges, fish, flasks of Florence wine, and all the delicacies of Italy. We were soon on board, and the officers who had the watch on deck whipped in the fresh grub, and delivered it over to the butcher for dissection. After it was cut up, weighed, and placed in portions about large enough to contain in each, about eight or nine men’s allowances, two petty officers placed themselves near it, one turning his back to the meat, and the other, placing his hand upon a pile, and asking, “What mess shall have this?” “Number eleven, number five,” &c. were the answers; and at each, the cook of the mess took away the portion allotted to him. Twice a week this affair was gone through; and, although to me fresh beef day was a welcome relief to salt pork, yet to the seamen it was very disagreeable; and they none of them thanked the doctor for recommending it to the captain to preserve their healths.

At length the day came for hauling down the yellow flag, (the signal of a vessel being in quarantine.) The health officer came on board immediately after breakfast, and after looking at our sick, and bowing and scraping for a few minutes, he gave us *pratique*. Ireton told me we would get permission to go on shore, and ride out to Pisa. I immediately dressed myself in full rig, walked into the ward room with my sword at my side, and asked the first for permission to go to Pisa.

He looked at me for a moment without speaking, and when he had finished scrutinizing my appearance, coolly said, "Youngster, you have one thing to learn, and that pretty quick; it is, never to sheet home your topsails before you get sailing orders." The officers who were sitting by all laughed, and I returned to the steerage, perfectly unconscious of the meaning of this strange speech. The mids asked me what they were laughing at in the ward room. I repeated the answer I had received. A peal of laughter followed, and after their mirth was exhausted, the meaning of the speech was explained to me. It was simply, that a man ought not to get his full dress on, or his sword at his side, before he got his permission to go ashore. I laid by my sword somewhat vexed, both at having been refused permission, and at the manner in which it was made. In a few minutes, however, Ireton came into the steerage, and told me that the first told him to tell me I might go, and added, "But, my dear fellow, never cut up such a green caper as that again; some of the old fashioned luffs would have quarantined you for a month—but never mind now, lend me a hand to dress: the boat wont wait, and we must be off early, if we want to see Pisa to-day. Just tell the master-at-arms to send half a dozen marines here to brush my togs, and just break out that locker of mine: O, never mind being so careful about it—break out by the armful, this way," and out he began to drag every thing. When he came to the bottom of it, he paused for a moment, and then broke out again: "Well, I am one of the unluckiest devils in the world; I thought I had two clean rags in my locker—but it seems they have all taken unto themselves the wings of the morning, and flown to the washerwoman: just lend us one, will you?" I handed him a shirt, and after employing pretty much all the marines and hammock boys on the berth deck, he made out to get ready just in time. The boat had, however, been kept waiting for him, and the moment we shoved off, the officers all opened upon him, for his carelessness and want of punctuality. He bore it with the utmost good humor, invented any number of excuses, and ended by swearing that he had been trying to devise some plan for rescuing the lovely country before him from its state of slavery, and those cogitations—together with the time consumed in the moderate breakfast he was in the custom of making, had thrown him a leetle astern of the lightee, but that he hoped by dinner time, to be able to show them that he was as punctual a man as any that belonged to the craft. This assertion they did not seem in the least to doubt. Indeed, one of the lieutenants complimented him upon this one redeeming spot in his character—that he was never late to his grub. Harry bowed, and observed, "that from his earliest years, he had been remarkable for never having kept a single dinner waiting—that no dish had ever cooled because it waited an instant for his arrival—and that, although he had no watch, except now and then a watch on deck, or a watch below, still he always made shift to be in time at every feast."

We soon got on shore, and after a ride to the burying ground, and a turn around the town,* we started for Pisa. The road was as level as a billiard table, and a little more than an hour brought us in front of the hotel. Enquiries were instantly made into the state of the larder, and a dinner ordered. We then went out to speculate as to what had given such a list to the famous tower—to see the pictures and jewellery in the church—and

to hear the long stories of the priests, about the miracles wrought by the little images of the saints. One of them had been crying only a few days before, and we begged our conductor to cry it again for our edification; but he said it was utterly impossible—that it only cried for true believers—and that it would be utterly unreasonable to ask it to do so much for a set of heretics—that if a cardinal were here, perhaps it might alter the case.

After lounging about, we returned to a most excellent dinner; and a few bottles of excellent wine put us in most excellent spirits. We were about to break up, when all at once we heard a burst of music directly under our window; and were soon informed by the master of the house, that it was from the musical people of the city, who were anxious to do all possible honor to *gli Capitani Americani*, as he chose to term us. As this was certainly honor enough for midshipmen, we could do no less than pay for it. A few pauls a-piece, however, did the business, and after a few more tunes, and some more milordi and capitani, the musicians, finding no more prospect of pauls, departed, leaving the landlord to do the rest of the milording and captaining to the honored *Americani*. Evening saw us patrolling the streets of Leghorn, and at ten o'clock, we returned on board. A few days after, we hove up our anchors and stood out to sea, heading over for the coast of Barbary.

One night I was called upon to keep half my watch beside the cot of a dying man. He had been wounded in a riot at Port Mahon some months previous, in an attempt to break the ranks of a party of Spanish soldiery, and rescue a shipmate who was on his way to prison. All that could be done for him by the surgeons had been done, and for a long time there had been strong hopes entertained of his recovery, but within the last two weeks he had become so emaciated that the surgeon told him his case was hopeless. He bore the intelligence with firmness, and only requested that an officer might occasionally read the Bible to him, as he could not read himself. It was agreed that one of the reefers should remain constantly at his bedside, and the duty devolved upon me during the last two hours of the mid watch. I relieved Harry, who told me to call the surgeon's mate if any thing was wanted, or if he appeared about to make a die, and to keep on reading the bible constantly. "You had better," he added, "stick to the New Testament, for it is more easy to pick out religious places; the Old has more stories in it." I told him that I was aware of that fact, and he handed me the bible and went on deck. I commenced reading, and for a half an hour he listened attentively to every word. At the end of that time his eyes began to wander. I asked him if he wanted any thing, but he only shook his head. After a short time, I found he could no longer pay any attention, and I called the surgeon's mate; he sat down by the poor fellow, and after feeling his pulse, said, "It is pretty nearly over." In a few minutes the man made an effort to speak, but it was unsuccessful. After a pause, he muttered, "Dying now, doctor," and in a moment after the death ruckle was in his throat. For about ten minutes he struggled between life and death, and then all was over. "Report him dead to the officer on deck, sir," said the surgeon, "and I will wait here until your return." I went on deck, touched my hat, and said, "Hawkins is dead, sir." "Tell the master's mate of the forecandle to note it on the log slate." "Ay, ay, sir." The master's mate immediately came aft, and wrote down, "At 2.

10, furlled the fore and mizen top-gallant sails; at 2. 30, died, William Hawkins, seaman." I was then told to remain by the corpse until I was relieved. I went below, and again seated myself. There was no light except the dim light of the sentry lamp, and the wind had increased a good deal during the watch; the cot on which the dead man lay, swung first in the light and then out of it, giving to the face such a constantly changing appearance, that two or three times I thought I saw signs of life; but when I made a closer examination, I found all was still. At four o'clock I was relieved, and right glad was I when the time arrived. I had become too nervous to sleep, and I went on deck, and joined the master's mate of the fore-castle. The main top-gallant sail was furlled, the jib stowed, and the fore-top-mast stay-sail hoisted. "So," said the officer, "Hawkins is dead, eh? Poor fellow, he was a good seaman, and the merriest dog in the fore-top. But why don't you go below and get some sleep, as like as not we will reef topsails before seven bells?" "Why," said I, "to tell you the truth, I have been sitting by the corpse, and it has made me somewhat nervous; I don't feel inclined for sleep." "Well, well," was the reply, "you will get over such feelings pretty soon. A cruise in the West Indies, where men and officers lose the number of their messes every day, would make you take such things as coolly as Tom takes a glass of grog. Its all natural enough, though. The first man I ever saw die made me feel as solemn as a chaplain, (not that a chaplain does always feel solemn;) but after I had seen a few of them walk the plank, I got quite used to it; and although I might feel sorry, I just went to work to forget it all as fast as possible."

I went below and got asleep, but my slumbers were constantly interrupted by feverish, startling dreams, and I was rather glad to hear at six bells the call of "All hands reef topsails, ahoy!" We got the first reef in, and then went to breakfast. The wind had hauled until we could barely lay our course; and as it was evidently coming out ahead in a short time, and going to blow a gale, orders were given to prepare the body of Hawkins for burial. It was on Friday, the day on which seamen think nothing of importance should be done, and the heads of the reverend fore-castle-men, who had been knocked all about the world, were shaken in grave displeasure. They muttered and grumbled, and looked at an old monkey who stood on the hammock cloths with his eye fixed upon the gathering clouds to windward, as if he was reading the destiny of our vessel in them, and they all seemed to have awful forebodings of some terrible disaster. The wind was increasing rapidly, and at about two o'clock, all hands were called to *bury the dead*. The ceremony was soon performed, and immediately after we took another reef in the topsails, and rolled up the mainsail. Harry called me to walk up and down the quarter-deck, to get, as he said, my sea-legs on; and the captain, who stood in the weather-mizen rigging, appeared highly amused at my efforts to keep on an even keel. After a short time the pumps were manned, and the ship pumped out, and we again resumed our walk; in about five minutes, the water in the pumps found its way to the pump-well, and the sound as the air was drawn through, resembled that of a painful groan. "By the man of the mast, there is Hawkins come back!" exclaimed Harry. I had not quite got over my nervousness, and I gave a sudden start that capsized the pair of us, and we rolled together in the lee scuppers, whence we emerged pretty tolerably soaked.

The captain, the officer of the deck, and the master, who had seen and heard the whole, were delighted, and even quarter-deck discipline gave way before their merriment. They had been expecting to see me in the scuppers, but they also expected to see me there by some manœuvre of Harry's; for they all knew it was his intention to get a laugh upon me, and his being obliged to share the misfortune with his dupe, delighted them; it gave them a chance to laugh at one, whose laugh had always been a most annoying one, although his good nature and his pleasant manners prevented any one from taking offence at it.

In the steerage, where we went to change our donnage, they ran him pretty hard, and insisted upon it that it was a trick of mine, and a bloody good one, to pay him off for the capers he had cut upon me. In vain did I inform them that I would scarce have taken a wet jacket, for the purpose of giving another man one. It was of no use; they insisted upon having it their own way, and pelted Harry most unmercifully with sea wit. "A pretty fellow, you, Harry, to bring a man to his sea legs," said one. "Get some guys and gilguys to steady him with," cried another, "or he'll be on his beam ends in five minutes." "A man that will work a Tom Coxe's traverse after such a fashion," cried a third, "deserves to be sucked in, even by a long shoreman." "Brought up all standing by a greenhorn," says a fourth, "why, Harry, I thought you had sailed, and knew the main brace from the Captain's breeches: but it aint every clam-catcher that will make a forecandleman."

Again the call of "All hands reef topsails," was heard, and in two minutes, every man was at his station. The wind was beginning to blow fearfully, and we were obliged to close reef. All hands were kept at their stations, and from my mizen-top I could see every officer on deck soaking wet, as sea after sea sent its watery tribute over them. "Come," said I, "a top is no such bad place after all," as I stowed myself snugly away under the lee of the gaff topsail, "this is a little more comfortable than to be washed down every five minutes by a sea." But my triumph was of short duration. "Stand by to roll up the fore and mizen topsails; (the foresail was furled, and the storm-staysails on her); after this was done, and the yard was swayed clear of the cap, I came down; and while on the Jacob's ladder, a heavy sea struck her on the quarter, stove the Captain's gig, and gave me as clean a wetting down as a man could wish to see his worst enemy receive. The wind still continued to increase—the main-top-sail was furled, and a few moments after, the fore storm-stay-sail went with a noise like thunder—the main was hauled down, and the balance reefed spanker taken in. I was holding on to the life-lines, to windward, thinking matters looked ugly, but supposing we were all right, when Harry came up to me, and asked me if I knew how we were situated. "Yes, Harry," was my reply, "we are all situated on the spar-deck, and in all probability, will retain our situations till day-break." "Well well, my lad," said he, "you don't yet know the whole: we are on a lee shore, and for all we know, within a cable's length of the next world: it is a fact, that we are in imminent danger, and the chances are about five to one that you will never see another sun rise." Harry's manner was so serious, that I was convinced he was in earnest; and when I saw the anxious faces of the lieutenants and Captain, I saw it was too true. The first lieutenant

sent for me. "Put on a bold face," said Harry, "he wants to see how you stand it." I went—he gave me some unimportant order to carry to the second—(on the fore-castle)—I made my way forward, with the help of the life-lines, and delivered it. "The fore-top-mast-stay-sail is adrift, shouted the boatswain. "Lay out there, a couple of you, and secure it to the boom," said the second lieutenant. Out went a couple of fore-castle-men, but they had scarcely commenced passing a line round the sail, when a sea struck her forward, and they were swept from the spar in an instant. The sail was torn out of the bolt-ropes, but the short time it had been exposed to the wind had payed the ship's head off, and as she came too again, three seas swept her, and I am confident that one half the crew thought our last hour had come. The night wore heavily away—every one supposed we stood but a small chance—and as the day broke, each eye was bent to leeward, to see where the land might lie. It was long before we could determine—but at last we saw that the last point was about two miles astern. We had passed very near it, dangerously near; and it was a matter of wonder how we had escaped. The order was given to pipe down, and amid the creaking and groaning of the ship, each man swallowed his tin pot of grog, amid as much mirth as was ever met with at dinner table, or in club room.

The next morning I met one of the fore-castle-men, who had been a chief grumbler, and asked him how we had escaped the dangers he prophesied. "Why, sir," was the answer, "we got off cheap—we only lost two men—but bury another man on Friday, and see if you don't bury a ship's company, without funeral service, before much time is over.

MAY IN THE SOUTH.

Gentlest of Nature's daughters, thou hast come,
Sweet May, from out thy ever budding home,
Whilst flowers of song, and odors, round thee play—
Thy cheek, intelligent with native bloom,
Thy dewy eyes, still blossomed with a ray,
That, like the fresh, bird-sweetness, of thy voice,
Bids the roused heart rejoice.

Time's vestal, never stained with foul desire,
Thou keep'st alive the old earth's sacred fire,
Spite of old Winter's churlish winds, and all
That did, to quench its secret flame, aspire—
True to thy duties, thou didst never fall,
Nor frightened with the rude storm's clamorous shout,
Let the bright flame go out.

Nature's first minister, I see thee stand,
Thy flow'r-creating wand within thy hand,
Touching, when she ordains, the sterile earth—
That, straightway loosened from each icy band,
Brings forth her various children at a birth,
And with an offering meet unto thy powers,
Yields thee a robe of flowers.

W. G. S.

HELEN—A TALE, BY MARIA EDGEWORTH. In two vols. 12mo. Carey, Lea & Blanchard—Philadelphia. Harper's Uniform Edition. New York, 1834.

WITH the single exception of the incomparable Scott, no writer of the present age has occupied the public mind for so long a period, or met so large a measure of applause, as Maria Edgeworth. It is true that, within a few years, two different schools have arisen, both perhaps of a higher order than that, which has received much of its lustre from the subject of the present article;—the historical, which arising under the auspices of the mighty master of romance, has been worthily supported since his lamented death by the bold pen of James;—and the imaginative—as it may perhaps be designated—of which Bulwer is the chief, and, we might say, the only light; although a D'Israeli and an hundred others may toil laboriously behind, as his disciples or his copyists. We have said that both these schools are of a higher order than that in which Miss Edgeworth has been so admirably happy. There is, indeed, in the historical romance, a something of epic majesty; success in this department must rely, not only on shrewdness, knowledge of human nature, quick tact, and fluent language; but on details of antiquarian lore, on the comprehensive grasp of history, deep research into the chronicles of by-gone ages, and on the rare and glorious power of embodying all these in living characters, and, with a painter's skill, of depicting events as though they were actually passing before the reader's eye. In the imaginative school, if conducted with ability, there is much scope, for poetry, for musing, for philosophy. In many of the novels, by the author of *Pelham*, we shall find whole chapters devoted to the consideration of those deep and secret springs of action, which, remote from the eye of man, are working forever in the human heart, undisturbed and uncomprehended by the many. We shall find disquisitions worthy of the gravest metaphysician, so dexterously enwoven with the interest of the fictitious beings of the tale, so elegantly adorned by easy simile and flowing style, that the reader never suspects that he is in truth wandering hard by the groves of the academe, while he fancies himself a mere loiterer in the gardens of Epicurus.

It is therefore our opinion that we do Miss Edgeworth no dishonor in assigning to her a station at the very head of that branch of literature which she has undertaken to adorn, even when we place that branch somewhat lower down the stem of the great tree of learning than those of her male competitors.

Of the familiar novel Miss Edgeworth is indeed the Queen. Her characters, whether they be selected from the drawing rooms of the metropolis, from the courts of St. Stephens, or from the hovel of the peasant, are equally true to nature, and equally able to enlist our sympathies in their behalf. Her earlier and more national works, in particular, her "*Absentees*," her "*Ormond*," her "*Ennui*," and her "*Castle Rackrent*," are not only unsurpassed, but absolutely unrivalled. Independent of the value which they possess as works of entertainment, as patterns of pure morality, and as

elegant compositions, they possess a far more exalted claim to general approbation as the only true pictures of a national character—a national character which is—alas! that we should be compelled to write it—becoming rapidly extinct. The Irish gentleman, the Sir Ulick O'Shane, the Count O'Halloran, are ceasing to exist save in the pages of our authoress. The gentlemen of green Erin, far from their paternal acres, are sinking into the English dandy, while the *squireen* and the *middleman* are left to lord it over the once free and frank and generous peasantry of the Emerald Isle.

Loud as has been the cry against the oppression and misgovernment with which Britain has trampled down the brightest gem of her diadem; bitter as were the curses which have been showered on her by the indignation of Irish eloquence, for centuries of lawless wrong, or wrongful law—far heavier, in our opinion, is the charge which may be brought against her as the demoralizer of a noble race of men; the murderer of a nation's character, as the creator in the first instance, and then the armed punisher, of national depravity. When we look at the peasant of Maria Edgeworth—at the free, generous, happy, thoughtless being, which the Irish laborer was of yore,—and then turn from the bright and happy portraiture of wild virtues and errors—the very wrong of which is but the excess of right,—to the dark scenes, so fearfully and so correctly detailed by the author of O'Hara; when we consider that the mercurial, merry, sympathising creature, whose tear was wont to flow as readily at the sight of distress, as was his jovial laugh to echo every jest; whose arm was ever ready to obey the dictates of his heart, and whose heart was over-brimmed with the very essence of benevolence—that this most beautiful creation of nature should be converted into a moody, solitary, revengeful, and blood-thirsty avenger,—how shall we refrain from crying out against the madness, the blind, drunken, iniquitous folly of that country's besotted rulers.

But we are diverging too wildly from our subject: we have strayed from our limits in following up the track which she has designated in depicting the Irishman, as he was in happier days; although she has left it to the reader to supply the gloomy contrast of the present period, and to draw the painful moral. Still, we are convinced, that at all times, this has been foremost in the cultivated mind of Maria Edgeworth. She has painted the Irishman, as he *was designed by God*. She has shrunk, it is true, from shewing what he has *been made by man*—but she knew that no eye could look upon him in his original glory, without glancing at him, in his present degradation; and, without instituting the odious comparison, she has made the contrast perfect, even in displaying but one side of the canvass.

In her present work, there is, perhaps, less of strong and striking character, than in any of her prior compositions. In Helen, we shall look in vain for Sir Terence O'Fay, for Moriarty Carrol, for king Corny, for any of those peculiar beings who strike us, at first sight, as bearing the decided stamp of likeness—as being portraits, not ideal, but individual, and wonderfully true. Nevertheless, we are of opinion that Helen is, as a whole, inferior to none—perhaps, superior to any of her former works—and we dare prophecy that it will, by many, be esteemed her master-piece. And, indeed, there are very many lights in which it might be esteemed so, with justice. As a picture of the manners of the perpetually attempted, and

never successfully sketched, society which arrogates to itself the title of "good," it is perfect—superior to any we have ever seen—superior even to Pelham—for there is a little shade of affectation mingling with all the details of that splendid work;—as a piece of morality, it is unpretendingly impressive—and as a story, painfully exciting. To say that the style is accurate, easy, and pleasing, would be now-a-days a truism; for it is well known to every one, that the authoress of *Irish Bulls* is one of the most polished writers of the English language. Here, then, we will pause, to give our readers a slight insight into the mode which she has adopted, to awaken all their sympathies, and to select a single passage for their edification; and shall conclude by—what is after all a work of supererogation—for every one will do so, whether we advise it or not—recommending them to read and judge for themselves.

Independent of the talent that is always to be found, even in the slightest sketches of this fascinating authoress, no work has ever come from her pen, that has not been distinguished for its pure and beautiful morality. We do not merely mean the absence of those highly colored pictures of sin, those youth-seducing descriptions of passion and the like, which pollute the pages of too many works of fiction; but we mean the actual presence of moral sentiments and virtuous reflections;—and it is to this that we attribute, in some measure, her almost unexampled success among readers of every station, from the peasant in his hovel to the peer in his castle.

Helen is, perhaps, more thoroughly a moral tale than any of her prior works; and, although there is scarcely a chapter, from the title page to finis, without some reference to the sin, against which, in the present instance, she has declared warfare; still the motive is so veiled by the interest of the plot, and by the absence of any thing like austerity or cant, that we are absolutely astonished at finding that the light, easy, interesting novel, we have perused with so much enjoyment, is, at bottom, a lecture on the turpitude, the folly, and the evil policy of any—the slightest—deviation from the truth.

Helen herself, who labors a little under the usual imperfection of heroines—a superabundance of perfection—is a lovely, amiable, excellent girl, educated by her uncle, in the expectation of succeeding to a vast property. The uncle dies insolvent, and the niece is well nigh penniless. All that has been secured to her by the foresight of her only friend, she surrenders without a regret, to save the memory of that friend from even a shadow of reproach. Most of her friends, of course, desert her in her calamities, as much as they have fawned on her in the hey-day of her happiness. One family alone is true. The Davenants and their daughter, her earliest playmate, lately married to General Clarendon. All is arranged—Helen takes up her abode with these true friends, never to part from them, till death or marriage. Shortly after Helen's arrival, Granville Beauclerc, the General's ward, though but little younger than himself, is expected as a visitor. Cecilia, eager that Helen should love and be loved by the future hero, and fearful, that by timidity, she would destroy her chance of success, tells her friend, *en confidence*, that Beauclerc is engaged—is, in short, all but a married man. Helen, fearless of being considered a match-hunter, is even more than commonly delightful—the gen-

tleman falls desperately in love—proposes—and is rejected with disdain, as a false hearted, male coquette. Cecilia is in despair at the ill-success of her white lie—she dare not reveal the cause to the single-minded General, who, himself the very soul of honor, hates a lie as he hates his country's enemy—and for a time, all goes wrong. At length Cecilia owns the whole—not to her husband, but to Beauclerc—and every thing is arranged. The wedding is to be forthwith, and the General is to give the bride at the altar to his aspiring ward. In the mean time, a packet of love letters is placed in the General's hands, through the treachery of a villanous servant; love letters which had been written, years before, by Cecilia, then a mere child, to a base and treacherous *roué*, since deceased. And here begins the thrilling interest of the novel. We learn that Clarendon, who had been deeply shocked by two divorces which had occurred among his near relations, had resolved never to marry any woman who had entertained an earlier passion for any other man. Before proposing to Cecilia, he had made it a point of honor with her to inform him, candidly, if she had ever loved another; and she, desperately in love, and fearing to lose the object of her affections, assured him that he is the first, the only person, that had ever touched her fancy. Finding herself on the verge of a precipice, she gives Clarendon to understand, that the letters were written, not by her, but by Helen—and with difficulty prevails on Helen not to assent that which is false, but to conceal the truth for a time. And she, to save her friend, consents. Accident after accident occurs, to plunge both deeper into the mire. Cecilia rushes from falsehood to falsehood, all of which are discovered, and all are laid to the account of Helen—till the General, indignant at her supposed baseness, refuses to sanction the wedding; and though Beauclerc is still convinced of Helen's truth, and eager to proceed, she refuses positively, quits Clarendon's house, and goes to a solitary country seat, under the protection of a sister of the General—a character of stern and disagreeable bluntness, but sterling merit—who, having long before detected Cecilia's failing, suspects the truth of the whole affair, and becomes Helen's most stanch ally. Cecilia, constantly promising to reveal the truth to her husband, and constantly deterred by want of moral fortitude, loses her own esteem, and becomes even more wretched than her betrayed friend, who is still supported by the consciousness of her own integrity. By degrees, Clarendon discovers the habitual disregard of truth, in trifles, which has led to so much sin in misery, and, though still far from suspecting the extent of her fault, loses all confidence in his once adored wife. At this crisis, Cecilia's mother returns from Russia, in a dying state. Helen is summoned to attend her sick-bed, and there—for she has long and bitterly repented, in solitude and sorrow—Cecilia reveals the truth, the whole truth, to her mother and her husband, in the presence of her injured friend. Clarendon, though horror-struck, instantly recognizes Helen, and effects her reconciliation, and her instant marriage with Beauclerc—but decides at once, that Cecilia and himself are severed for ever! The marriage takes place—evil rumors have gone forth—false rumors, to the prejudice of Cecilia's reputation as a wife and a mother. At Helen's wedding, the dying mother vindicates her wretched daughter's purity, and hurls confusion on her calumniators, in the beautiful passage which alone our limits will permit us to extract, and with which this sweet fiction closes.

When breakfast was over, seizing her moment when conversation flagged, and when there was a pause implying "What is to be said or done next?" Lady Davenant rose from her seat with an air of preparation, and somewhat of solemnity—all eyes were instantly upon her. She drew out a locket, which she held up to public view: then, turning to Lady Katrine Hawksby, she said—"This bauble has been much talked of, I understand by your ladyship, but I question whether you have ever seen it, or know the truth concerning it. This locket was *stolen* by a worthless man, given by him to a worthless woman, from whom I have obtained it; and now I give it to the person for whom it was originally destined."

She advanced towards Helen, and put it round her neck. This done, her color flitted—her hand was suddenly pressed to her heart; yet she commanded—absolutely commanded—the paroxysm of pain. The general was at her side; her daughter, Helen and Beauclerc, were close to her instantly. She was just able to walk: she slowly left the room—and was no more seen by the world!

She suffered herself to be carried up the steps into her own apartment by the general, who laid her on the sofa in her dressing-room. She looked round on them, and saw that all were there whom she loved; but there was an alteration in her appearance, which struck them all, and most the general who had least expected it. She held out her hand to him, and fixing her eyes upon him with deathful expression, calmly smiled, and said—"You would not believe this could be; but now you see it must be, and soon. We have no time to lose," continued she, and moving very cautiously, and feebly, she half raised herself. "Yes," said she, "a moment is granted to me, thank Heaven!" She rose with sudden power, and threw herself on her knees at the general's feet; it was done before he could stop her.

"For God's sake!" cried he, "Lady Davenant!—I conjure you!"

She would not be raised. "No," said she, "here I die, if I appeal to you in vain—to your justice, General Clarendon, to which, as far as I know, none ever appealed in vain—and shall I be the first? a mother for her child—a dying mother for your wife—for my dear Cecilia—once dear to you."

His face was instantly covered with his hands.

"Not to your love," continued she—"if that be gone—to your justice I appeal, and must be heard, if you are what I think you: if you are not, why, go—go, instantly—go, and leave your wife, innocent as she is, to be deemed guilty—Part from her, at the moment when the only fault she committed has been repaired—Throw her from you when, by the sacrifice of all that was dear to her, she has proved her truth—Yes, you know that she has spoken the whole, the perfect truth!"

"I know it," exclaimed he.

"Give her up to the whole world of slanderers!—destroy her character! If now her husband separate from her, her good name is lost forever! If now her husband protect her not!"

Her husband turned, and clasped her in his arms. Lady Davenant rose and blessed him—blessed them both; and they knelt beside her, and she joined their hands. "Now," said she, "I give my daughter to a husband worthy of her, and she more worthy of that noble husband than when first his. Her only fault was mine—mine, my early neglect: it is repaired—I die in peace! You make my last moments the happiest! Helen, my dearest Helen, now and not till now, happy—perfectly happy in love and truth."

This is not a solitary passage—not a gem;—the whole book is composed of such; it is in truth a perfectly natural, pure, and beautiful novel. There is not a character overdrawn, not an incident exaggerated, not a situation forced. There is no straining after effect—no glare, no frippery! all is easy, natural, and life-like. If there be any drawback to its beauties, it is, perhaps, that the faultiness of Cecilia's character is somewhat too suddenly developed: in the first volume she is all amiability, in the second all dissimulation—but perhaps even this is managed for the best,—for what is lost in probability, is more than gained in effect; and it was moreover necessary that we should be interested in, that we should like, Cecilia; which could not have been the case, had she been unamiable from the beginning. As it is, she is our favorite:—with all her faults, and frailties, we have more sympathy with her—a veritable woman—than with the adorable Helen; who is, as we have already hinted, rather too much a monster of perfection

for our taste. Next to Cecilia, Horace Churchill is the most masterly piece of painting in the entire work;—we know the man!—he is before us,—we can hear him speak, mark his feelings, trace his every motive! Scenes we cannot particularize—where all is clever, it is almost an impossibility to cull out peculiar passages, and our limits warn us that we have said enough.

If there be any persons left in the world, who hold the reading of novels to be pernicious, or of immoral tendency, we entreat them to break their rule for once, and to peruse Helen!—We dare be sworn it will compel them to allow the fallibility of their maxim. This novel, we believe, is capable of effecting more in convincing all ages and sexes of the immorality, and no less of the impolicy, of what are termed trivial falsehoods—as if a lie could be trivial—than a thousand homilies.—This speaks straight to the heart, those to the head—and for one who follows the judgment of the head, the world contains fifty who obey the dictates of the heart.

THE COVENANTER'S GRAVE.

THE setting sun is sleeping wide
On Pentland's rude and heathery side;
In purple shadow, broad and still,
Distinctly looms each mighty hill,
While every burn is sparkling bright
In liquid lines of silver light.
But not one ray can pierce the gloom,
That veils the martyr'd peasant's tomb,—
So dark, so sad, so deeply laid
In yon ravine's unhallowed shade.
No shepherd's footsteps e'er intrude
To break that glen's wild solitude.
No sounds the slumbering echoes wake,
Save throstle's carol from the brake,
Save the stream's ripple—or the cooing
Of some lorn dove's enamored wooing.
The rude gray stones, that hide his clay,
Sink like their tenant in decay;
But one lone alder's branches wave
In pensile verdure, o'er his grave;
And golden whins and brackens shed
Their wild luxuriance o'er his head;
While sadly, from her nest above,
The cushat pours her lay of love.
They laid him there, in that lone spot,
Unhonored, and unknown, to rot—
No anthems o'er his relics pealing—
No friends around his cold corpse kneeling.
Yet shall a country's blessings dwell
About that low and nameless cell;
And freedom, from its dewy sod,
Appeal for ever to the Christian's God.

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF MARY STUART.

THE KIRK OF FIELD.

It is the curse of kings to be attended
 By slaves, that take their humors for a warrant
 To break within the bloody house of Life;
 And, on the winking of authority,
 To understand a law; to know the meaning
 Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
 More upon humor than advised respect. KING JOHN.

It was a dark and stormy night without, such as is not unfrequent, even during the height of summer, under the changeable influences of the Scottish climate. The west wind charged with moisture, collected from the vast expanse of ocean it had traversed since last it had visited the habitations of men, rose and sank in wild and melancholy cadences; now howling violently, as it dashed the rain in torrents against the rattling casements; now lulling, till its presence could be traced alone in the small shrill murmur, which has been compared so aptly to the voice of a spirit. The whole vault of heaven was wrapped in blackness, of that dense and smothering character, which strikes the mind as pertaining rather to the gloom of a closed chamber, than to that of a midnight sky. Yet within the Halls of Holyrood neither storm nor darkness had any influence on the excited spirits of the guests, who were collected there to celebrate, with minstrelsy and dance, the marriage of Sebastian. Hundreds of lights flashed from the tapestried walls, wreaths of the choicest flowers were twined around the columns, rich odors floated on the air, and the voluptuous swell of music entranced a hundred young and happy hearts with its intoxicating sympathies. All that there was of beautiful and chivalrous in old Dunedin, thronged to the court of its enchanting queen on that eventful evening; and it appeared for once as though the hate of party, and the fiercer zeal of clashing creeds, had for a time agreed to sink their differences in the gay whirl of merriment. The stern and solemn leaders of the covenant relaxed the austerity of their frown, the enthusiastic chieftains of the Romish faith were content to mingle in the dance with those, whom they would have met as gladly in the fray.

With even more than her accustomed grace, brightest and most bewitching where all were bright and lovely, did Mary glide amongst her high-born visitors; no shade of sorrow dimmed that transparent brow, or clouded the effulgence of that dazzling smile; it was an evening of conciliation and rejoicing, of forgiveness for the past, and hope rekindled for the future. There was no distinction of manner as she passed from one to another of the animated groups, that conversed, or danced, or hung in silent rapture on the musician's strains, on every side. Her tone was no less bland, as she addressed the gloomy Morton, or the dark-browed Lindsay, but now returned from exile in the sister kingdom, than as she turned to her gayer and more fitting associates. Never was the influence of Mary's beauty more effective

than on that occasion ; never did her unaffected grace, her sweet address, her courtesy bestowed alike on all, exert a mightier influence over the minds of men, than on the very evening, when her hopes were about to be forever blasted, her happiness extinguished, her very reputation blasted by the villainy of false friends, and the violence of open foes.

The weak and vicious Darnley yet lingered on his bed of sickness, but, with the vigor of health, many of the darker shades of his character had passed away ; and Mary had again watched beside the bed of him, whose foul suspicions and unmanly violence,—no less than his scandalous neglect of her unrivalled charms, his low and infamous amours, his studied hatred of all whom she delighted to honor,—had almost alienated the affections of that warm heart, which once had beat so tenderly, so devotedly, and—had he but deserved its constancy—so constantly for him. Oh ! how exquisite a thing is woman's love !—how beautiful, how strange a mystery is woman's heart !—'Twas but a little month ago, that she had almost hated.—Neglect had chilled the stream of her affections. That he whom she had made a king, whom she had loved with such total devotion of heart and mind,—that *he* should repay her benefits with outrage, her affections with cold, chilling, insolent disdain—these were the thoughts that had worked her brain to the very verge of madness and of crime. The* “glorious, rash, and hazardous,” young earl of Orkney had ever in these hours of bitter anguish been summoned, she knew not how, to her imagination. The warm yet delicate attentions,—the reverential deference to her slightest wish,—the dignified and chaste demeanor,—through which gleamed ever and anon some flash of chivalrous affection, some token that in the recesses of his heart he worshipped the woman as fervently, as he served the sovereign truly,—the overmastering passion always apparent, but so apparent that it seemed involuntarily present,—the eye dwelling forever on her features, yet sinking modestly to earth, as shamed by its own boldness, if haply it met hers,—the hand that trembled as it performed its office,—the voice that faltered as it answered to the voice he seemed to love so dearly—all these—all these, had they been multiplied a hundred fold, and aided by the deepest magic—had effected nothing to wean her heart from Darnley, had not his own infatuated cruelty furnished the strongest argument in favor of the young and noble Bothwell. As it was, harassed by the deepest wrongs from him who was most bound to cherish and support her, and assailed by the allurements of one, who coupled to a beauty equal to that of angels a depth of purpose and dissimulation worthy of the fiend, Mary had tottered on the precipice's verge !—Darnley fell sick, and she was saved !—Him, whom she had almost learned to hate, while he had rioted in all the insolence of manly strength and beauty, she now adored, when he was stretched languid and helpless on the bed of anguish. She had rushed to his envenomed chamber, she had braved the perils of his contagious malady ; her hand had soothed his burning brow, her lip had tasted the potion which his feverish palate had refused ; day and night she had watched over him, as a mother watches over her sick infant, in mingled agonies of hope and terror ; she had marked the black sweat gathering on his brow, and the film veiling his bright eye, and she had felt that her very being was wound

* Throgmorton's letter to Elizabeth.

up in the weal or wo of him, whose death one little month before, she would have hailed as a release from misery. She had noted the dawn of his recovery, she had fainted from excess of happiness, she had pardoned all, *all* his past misdoings, she was again the doting, faithful, single-hearted wife of her repentant Henry.*

Now in the midst of song, and revelry, and mirth, while the gay masquers passed in gorgeous procession before her eyes, her mind was far away in the chamber of her recovered lord, within the solitary Kirk of Field.—The masque had ended, and the hall was cleared—the wedding posset passed around, beakers were brimmed, and, amidst the clang of music, the toast went round, health to Sebastian and his bride. The hall was cleared for the dance—a hundred brilliant couples arose to lead the *Branle*, the minstrels tuned their prelude, when the fair young bride, blushing at the boldness of her own request, entreated that her grace would make her condescension yet more perfect, by joining in that graceful measure which none could lead so gracefully.

If there was one failing in the character of Mary, which tended above all others to render her an object for unjust suspicions, and a mark for cruel reverses, it was an inability to refuse aught that might confer pleasure on any individual, however low in station. A gentle failing, if indeed it be one—but not the less pernicious to the fortunes of all, and above all of kings. With that ineffable smile beaming upon her face she rose, and as she rose, Bothwell sprang forth, and in words of deep humility, but tones of deeper passion, besought the queen to make her slave the most happy, the most exalted of mankind, by yielding to him her inestimable hand, even for the space of one short dance.

For a single moment Mary paused—but it was destined that she should be the victim of her confidence, and she yielded.—Never, never did a more perfect pair stand forth in lordly hall, or on the emerald turf, than Mary Stuart and her destroyer. Both in the flush and flower of gorgeous youth—she, invested with beauty, such as few before or since have ever had to show, with grace, and symmetry, and all that nameless something which goes yet further to excite the admiration, and call forth the love of men, than loveliness itself—he strong, yet elegant in strength—proud, yet with that high and spiritual pride which has nothing offensive in its display,—taller and more stately than the noblest barons of the court;—they were indeed a pair unmatched amidst ten thousand,—so rich in natural advantages, so exquisite in personal attractions, that the tasteful splendor of their habits was as little marked, as is the golden halo which encompasses, but adds no glory to the sainted heads of that delightful painter, whose name so aptly chimes with the peculiar sweetness of his sublime creations.

Even the iron brow of Ruthven, for he too was there, relaxed as, leaning on her partner's extended hand, she passed him with a smile of pardon, and he muttered to his dark comrade, Lindsay of the Byres—"She were in

* Knox and Buchanan would make it appear that this reconciliation was insincere—but Knox and Buchanan wrote under the influence of political and religious hostility, and could never allow a single merit to Mary. It is a sound rule, that every mortal is innocent till *proved* guilty.

sooth a most fair creature, if that her mind might match the beauties of its mansion."—As he spoke, the measured symphony rang out, and, in slow order the dancers moved forward; anon the measure quickened, and the motions of the young and beautiful obeyed its impulses. It was a scene more like some faëry dream, than aught of hard, terrestrial, reality. The waving plumes, the glittering jewels, the gorgeous robes, and, above all, the lovely forms, which rather imparted their own brilliancy to these adornments, than borrowed any thing from them, combined to form a picture such as imagination can scarcely depict, much less experience suggest, from aught beheld in ball rooms of the present day, wherein the stiff and graceless costume of modern times is but a poor apology for the majestic bravery of the fifteenth century.

Suddenly, while all were glancing round in the swiftest mazes of the dance, those who stood by observed the blood flush with startling splendor over brow, neck, and bosom of the youthful queen—nay, her very arms, white in their wonted hue as the snow upon Shehallion, crimsoned with the violence of her emotions. Her eyes sparkled, her bosom rose and fell almost convulsively, her lips parted, but it seemed as though her words were choked by agitation.—For a single instant she stood still, then bursting through the throng, she sank nearly insensible upon one of the many cushioned seats that girded the hall; then rallying her spirits, she murmured something of the heat and the unusual exercise, drained the goblet of pure water presented by the hand of Orkney, and again resumed her station in the dance.

"Pardon, pardon—I beseech you"—whispered the impassioned tones of the tempter—"pardon, sweet sovereign, the boldness that was born but of a moment's madness. Believe me—I would tear my heart from out my bosom, did it cherish one thought that could offend my mistress—my honored, my adored"—

"Hush! oh hush! for my sake, Bothwell, for my sake, if for nought else, be silent.—I do believe that you mean honestly and well; but words like these 'tis madness in you to utter, and sin in me to hear them!—Bethink you, Sir," she continued, gaining strength as she proceeded, and speaking so low that no ear but his might catch a solitary sound amidst the quick rustle of the "many twinkling feet," and the full concert—"Bethink you! you address a wife—a wedded, loyal, wife—the wife of your Lord, your King. I know that you are my most faithful servant, my most trusted friend; I know that these words which sound so wildly, are not to be weighed in their full sense, but as a servant's homage to his liege-lady, yet think what yon stern Knox would deem, think of the wrath of Darnley—"

"If there were nought more powerful than Darnley's wrath"—he muttered in the notes of deep determination—"to bar me from my towering hopes, then were I blest, beyond all hopes of earth—of heaven. Supremely blest!"

"What mean you, Sir?—We understand you not! What should there be more powerful than the wrath of thy lawful sovereign? speak—I would not doubt you, yet methinks your words sound strangely. What be these towering hopes of thine? Pray God they tower not too high for honesty or honor! Say on, we do command thee!"—

"I will say on, Fair Queen"—he replied, in a voice trembling as it were with the fear of offending and the anxiety of love—"I will say on, so you will hear me to the end, nor doubt the most devoted of your slaves!"

"Hear you"—she replied, considerably softened by his humility—"when did ever Mary refuse to hear the meanest of her subjects, much less a trusted and a valued friend, as thou hast ever been to her, as thou wilt ever be to her—wilt thou not, Bothwell?"

There was a heavenly purity, a confidence in his integrity, and a firm and full reliance on her own dignity, in every word she uttered, that might have converted the wildest libertine from his career of sin; that might have confirmed the boldest and most subtle spirit, that its guilty craft could never prevail against a heart fortified against its attacks by purity, and by the stronger and more holy influences of wedded love; but on the fixed purpose, on the interminable pride, the desperate passion, and the unscrupulous will of Bothwell, every warning was lost.

"I have adored you"—he said slowly and impressively—"adored you, not as a queen, but as a woman—Mary, angelic Mary, pardon—pity—and oh, love me!—You do—you do already love me! I have read it in your eye! I have marked it in your flushing cheek, in your heaving bosom.—If this night you were free would you not, sweet lady, lovely queen, would you not reward the adoration, the honest adoration of your devoted Bothwell?"

"Stand back, my Lord of Bothwell"—cried the now indignant queen—"Stand back!—Your words are madness!—Nay, but we *will* be heard,"—she continued, with increasing impetuosity, as he endeavored again to speak—"Thinkest thou, vain Lord, that I, *I*, Mary, of France and Scotland, because that I have favored and distinguished a subject, who, God aid me, merited not favor nor distinction—thinkest thou that *I*, a queen anointed,—a mother and a wife—that I could love so wantonly, as to descend to thee? Back, Sir! I say; and if I punish not at once thy daring insolence, 'tis that thy past services, in some sort, nullify thy present boldness! Oh! my Lord,"—she proceeded, in a softer tone, and a big tear-drop trembled in her bright eye as she spoke,—"*Mary* has miseries enough, that thou shouldst spare to add thy quota to the general ingratitude; if thou didst love me, as thou sayest, thy love would be displayed as that of a zealous votary to the shrine at which he worships; as that of the magi bending before their particular star—not as that of a wild and wicked wanton, to a frail fickle woman!"

It may be, that the words, with which Mary concluded her reproof, kindled again the hope, which had well nigh passed away from Bothwell's breast.

"Nay, Mary, say not thus—do I not know thy trials? have I not marked thy miseries? and will I not avenge them?—If thou wert free—did I say, *if*? By heaven, fair queen, those locks of thine, that flow so unrestrained down that most glorious neck, are not more free than thou art. Did I not hear thy cry for vengeance, on the slaughterers of hapless Rizzio? Did I not hear, and have I not achieved the deed, that secures at once thy freedom and thy vengeance?"

The spell was broken on the instant. The soft, the tender-hearted, the most gentle of women, was aroused almost to phrenzy. The blood rushed

in torrents to her princely brow, and left it again pale as the sculptured marble, but to return once more in deeper hues of crimson. Her eyes flashed with unnatural brightness—her bosom heaved and fell—like that of a young priestess laboring with the throes of prophetic inspiration—she shook the tresses, he had dared to praise, back from her lovely face, and stamping her delicate foot in the passion of the moment on the oaken floor—

“A guard!”—she cried in notes that might have vied with the clangor of a trumpet, so shrilly did they pierce the ears of all—“A guard for my Lord of Bothwell!”

Had the thunder of heaven darted its sulphurous and scathing bolt into the midst of that assembly, a greater change its terrors could not have effected than did that thrilling cry. An hundred rapiers flashed in the bright torch-light, as with bent brows and angry voices the barons of the realm rushed to the aid of their liege lady. An air of cool defiance sat on the massive forehead of the culprit; his eye was fixed upon the queen in sorrow, as it would seem, rather than in anger; his sword lay quietly in his scabbard, although there were a hundred there, with weapons thirsting for his blood, and hearts burning with the insatiable hate of ancient feuds. Murray, and Morton, speaking eagerly and even sternly to the queen, urged his immediate seizure; and the gray-haired Duke of Lennox, clutching his poinard's hilt with the palsied gripe of eighty years, awaited but a sign to slay, he knew not and he recked not why, the ancient foeman of his race.

But so it was not fated! Before a word was spoken, the deep and sullen roar, as of an earthquake, burst upon their ears, and stunned their very hearts; a second din, as of some mighty tower rushing from its base, succeeded, ere the casements had ceased to rattle with the shock of the first.

“God of my fathers,” shouted Murray, “what means that din? Treason, my lords, treason! Look to the queen—secure the traitor! Thou, Duke of Lennox, with thy clans straight to the Kirk of Field. Without there—let my trumpets sound to horse. By Him that made me,” he continued, “the populace are rising”—for the deep swell of voices, that rose without, announced the presence of a mighty multitude.

In an instant the vaulted arches of the palace echoed with the flourished cadences of the royal trumpets—the ringing steps of steel clad men, the tramp of hoofs in the court yard, the gathering cries of the followers of each fierce baron, succeeded wildly to the soft breathings of minstrelsy and song. At this instant Murray had resolved himself to act, and with his hand upon the pommel of his sword, slowly but resolutely stepped forward—“Yield thee!” he said in stern, low tones—“yield thee, my Lord of Bothwell! Hence from this presence thou canst not pass, until all this night's strange occurrences be fully manifested—aye, and if there be guilt—as I misdoubt me much there is—till it be fearfully avenged.”

The touch of Murray on his shoulder, lightly as it fell, and grave as were the words of that high Baron, aroused the reckless disposition of Bothwell almost to madness—“Thou liest, Lord!”—he shouted in the fierce impulse of the moment—“thou liest! if thou dare to couple the name of guilt with Bothwell. Forego thy hold or perish”—and his dagger's blade

was seen slowly emerging from its sheath, while his clenched teeth, and the starting veins of his broad forehead spoke volumes of the bitterness of his wrath. Another second, and blood, the blood of Scotland's noblest would have been poured forth like water, and in the presence of the queen; the destinies of a great kingdom would have perchance been altered, and the history of ages changed, all by the madness of a single moment. In this fearful crisis, a wild shriek was heard from the upper end of the hall, to which the ladies of the court had congregated round the queen, like the songsters of spring when the dark pinions of the hawk are casting down a shadow of terror on their peaceful groves.

"Help! help!—Her grace is dying."

And, in truth, it did seem as though she were about to pass away. Better, a thousand times better, and happier had it been for her, to have then died quietly in the palace of her forefathers, with the nobles of her land around her; than to have borne, for many an after year, the chilling miseries, which were showered by pitiless fortune on her head, till that most fatal hour of her tragic life arrived and Mary was at length at rest.

Murray relaxed his hold, turned on his heel, and strode abruptly to the elevated dais, on which the queen had sunk in worn out nature's weariness. For a minute's space Bothwell glared on him as he strode away, like a tiger balked of his dear revenge. It was most evident he doubted—doubted whether he should set all, even now, upon a cast, strike down his foeman in the very fortress of his power, and if he must die, like the crushed wasp, sting home in dying. Prudence, however, conquered; he also turned upon his heel, and with a glance of the deepest scorn and hatred on the baffled lords, who, in the absence of their master spirit had lost all unison, stalked slowly through the portal of the hall and disappeared.

Before ten seconds had elapsed the rapid clatter of hoofs, the jingling of mail, and the war cry, "a Bothwell! Ho! a Bothwell!" proclaimed that he had escaped the toils, and was surrounded by his faithful followers.

When Murray reached the couch on which the queen was extended, gasping as though in the last extremity, her case indeed was pitiable. Her long locks had burst from their confinement and flowed over her person like a veil, her corsage had been cut asunder by the damsels of her court, and her bosom, bare in its unspeakable beauty, was disclosed to the licentious gaze of the haughty nobles. An angle of the couch, as she had fallen, had grazed her temple, and the blood streamed down her cheek and neck, giving, by the contrast of its dark crimson, an ashy, death-like whiteness to her whole complexion.

"Ha!" he whispered, with deep emotions—"what means this? Back! back, my lords, for shame, if not for pity!—Would ye gaze upon your sovereign in the abandonment of utter grief, as though she were a peasant quean? Stand back, I say, and let the halls be cleared; and hark thee, Paris," he continued, as a cringing, terrified looking Frenchman entered the apartment, "bid some one call Gallozzi hither; the poison-vending, cozening Tuscan hath skill at least, and it shall go hardly with him, so he exert it not! But ha! what ails the man?—St. Andrew, he will faint.—What ails thee, craven?—speak—speak, or I shake the coward soul from out thy carcase"—and he shook the trembling servitor fiercely by the throat.

"The king—the king"—he faltered forth, at length, terrified, yet more by the wrath of Murray than by the scene which he had witnessed.

"What of the king, thou dastard? Speak—I say, what of Henry Darnley?"

"Murdered, your highness—murdered."—"Nay, thou art mad to say it!"

"He speaks too truly, Murray"—cried Morton, entering, with his bold visage blanched, and his dark locks bristling with unwonted terror—"the king is murdered—foully—most foully murdered."

"By the villain Bothwell"—muttered Murray, between his hard set teeth—"but he shall rue the deed. But say on, Morton, say on—how knowest thou this? say on—and you, ladies, attend the queen."

"I saw it, Murray—with these eyes I saw it—the cold, naked, strangled corpse, flung like a carrion on the garden path—and the Kirk of Field a pile of smoked and steaming ruins—blown up with gunpowder, to give an air of accident to this accursed treason. I tell you, man," he continued, as he saw Murray about to speak—"I tell you, that I saw, in that drear garden, cast like a murrained sheep upon a dyke, all that remained of Henry Darnley!"

"'Tis false"—shrieked the wretched Mary, starting to her feet, with the wild glare of actual insanity in her eyes. "Who saith I slew him? Henry Darnley! S'death, Lords—*the king!* I say—*the king!* Now, by my Halidome, he *shall* be king of Scotland! Dead—dead! who said the Duke of Orkney was no more? Faugh—how the sulphur steams around us. It chokes—it smothers.—Traitor—false traitor!—Know, duke, I will arraign thee. What! kill a king? Whisper soft love words to a queen? Ha! This is practice—my Lord Duke—foul practice! and dearly shall you rue it, if you but hurt a hair of Darnley.—Nay, Henry—sweet Henry—frown not on me.—Oh! never woman loved, as I love thee, my Darnley—Rizzio—Ha!—what traitor spoke of Rizzio? But think not of it, Henry—the faithful servant is lost—but 'twas not thou that did it. Lo! how dark Morton glares on me. Back, Ruthven, fiend! would'st slay me? But I forgive thee all—all, Henry Darnley, *all!* Live—only live to bless my longing sight. No! no!"—she shrieked more wildly. "He is *not* dead—to arms—what ho!—to arms!—a king and none to rescue him!—to arms, I say!—I will myself to arms—fetch forth my milan harness—saddle me, Rosabelle—French Paris, ho! my petronels—and ye—why do ye linger?—wenches, Seyton, Carmichael, Fleming—my head-gear and my robes. The queen goes forth to-day! to horse! to horse, and to the rescue!"

She made a violent effort to rush forward, but staggered, and if her brother had not received her in his arms, she would have fallen again to the earth. "Bear her hence! ladies—bear her to her chamber!—thou hast a heavy weird—poor sister—what ponder you so, Morton? you would not mark her words. 'Tis sheer distraction! the distraction of most utter sorrow!"

"Distraction! I say, aye! but sorrow—no! sorrow takes it not on thus wildly! It savors more of guilt, Lord Murray—dark, damning, bloody guilt! Heard ye not what she said of Orkney? Distraction, but no sorrow—guilt—believe me—guilt!"

"Not for my life would I believe it—nor must thou; if Morton and Murray hunt henceforth in couples—hark in thine ear"—and he whispered, glancing his eyes uneasily around, as though the very stones might bear his words to other listeners. A grim smile passed athwart Morton's visage—he bowed his head in token of assent—they passed forth from the banquet hall together, and Mary was left to her misery.

H.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES

OF

THE FINE ARTS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, THE DRAMA, &c.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—9TH EXHIBITION, 1834. It was with a very high degree of pleasure that we visited this institution; the number of good pictures is unusually large, when reference is had to the entire number exhibited—and there are not a few of rare and extraordinary merit. Some there are, it is true, which scarcely merit a place on the walls; but of these the quantity is not large, and their deformity is more than obscured by the manifold beauties, that are to be met with on every side. The most obvious faults are as usual,—in the portraits—hardness, and bad taste in the assortment of colors;—in the landscapes, want of keeping;—and in the historical compositions, very faulty drawing. It is, indeed, much to be regretted, that men, who are endowed with so many of the qualities necessary to constitute good painters, will not be contented to rise gradually, to walk, as it were, before they fly; but it is, we believe, almost an error of national character; and, however it may succeed in those departments wherein energy and industry can supply the place of skill, we are rendered painfully aware that time, and labor, and unceasing study, can only raise a person to eminence, in the prosecution of either of the Fine Arts. This is, by no means, however, the received opinion here! Many of our young artists, it would seem, go on the principle, that like poets, *painters* are *born*, not made; and hence they rush madly on, attempt some grand historical design; when they ought to be laboriously drawing legs and arms, from the antique, or from the living model, and attending anatomical lectures, in order to gain that knowledge of superficial anatomy, which is as necessary to the figure painter, as his easel, or his palette,—and of course fail! We should, therefore, rather wonder and admire, that there should be so respectable a display, when we reflect, that almost every picture in the room, has been designed and executed within the last twelve months: and, that, in all probability, the canvass, on which any ten of the pictures that are to appear at the next

annual exhibition, is not yet stretched. We lament this fact, as it is certain, that much is lost, not gained, by this precocity; that the youth who has commenced painting, while an imperfect draughtsman, rarely or never finds time to resume those interrupted studies, and in nine cases out of ten, never makes up for the lee way, which he has made on his first voyage.

Before proceeding to a review of the separate pictures, we would observe, *en passant*, that the directors of the hanging committee have, by no means, exercised their wonted discrimination. Many large, and comparatively speaking, coarse paintings, which would profit by being placed as remote from the eye as possible, being hung close to the ground; while, on the other hand, several little gems, that require minute inspection, are placed so high, that their merit is obscured, if not lost, by the difficulty of discovering them. It is also to be noticed, that bad pictures are often set in prominent positions, while their superiors “waste their sweetness on the desert air” of some inaccessible corner.

1. FALSTAFF PLAYING KING. *G. Flagg*. This is by no means a good picture; the drawing, it is true, is tolerably correct, but the coloring is lamentably gaudy. There is no dignity in the characters; nor is it sufficiently marked which is which. The figure of the Prince, is, in particular, graceless and boorish. There is none of the splendor of majesty shining through its base disguise—none of the ease or high bearing that we look for in the fifth Harry; while the personage of the fat knight resembles le petit bossua of the Arabian tales, more than the merry Sir John Falstaff. The best portion of the picture is the man in green, to whom we can assign no name, sitting in the right hand corner, which is well sketched in, though not much better than the rest in finish or detail.

2. PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN. *J. Whitehorne, N. A.* There is not enough attention paid to the keeping and *chiaro scuro* of portraits. It seems as though it were considered a mere work of supere-

rogation, to do any thing on a likeness, more than to make the features similar to the original; this may be eminently successful in this point of view, but not being acquainted with the original, we cannot decide.

3. FISH. *S. A. Mount, A.* This appears,—as well as we could judge, for it is hung in a high, dark corner—to be a singularly beautiful little gem. Two perch, and a trout, painted to the very life, and looking as if fresh from their native element. Mr. Mount has cause for vexation at the position, which must deprive his bit of still life of half its effect; there are fifty great, inferior daubs, brought into full view, and this really beautiful little cabinet picture is hustled away, as if it were not fit to be looked at.

4. PORTRAIT OF A LADY. *J. Kendrick Fisher.* Is by no means deficient in merit, although there are too many clashing tints which give a pie-bald and patchy appearance to the picture; and too many bits of furniture, which distract the eye from its object.

5. VIEW TAKEN AT EVREUX. *Miss Breton.* Several of the views by this lady are very clever. This is somewhat hard, and too *ochreous* in the tints.

7. VIEW OF THE CATSKILL FALL. *W. J. Bennet, N. A.* Quite faint, and unfinished.

7. PORTRAIT OF A BOY, IN CRAUYONS AND WAX. *P. Copman.* Comes near our ideas of being a pretty and harmonious drawing, but hangs so high that it is not easy to judge.

8. PORTRAIT OF A LADY. *Thomas Thompson.* Not extraordinary in any respect, either for praise or censure.

9. VIEW IN THE PYRENEES. *Miss Breton.* Is superior to No. 5, both in interest and execution, though not wholly free from the same defects.

10. VIEW OF CARISBROOK CASTLE. *G. Oakley, A.* The lights and shadows are so rudely and unskilfully patched together, and the contrasts of color so glaring, that the *tout ensemble* is actually unpleasant.

11. ITALIAN COAST SCENE. *W. M. Oddie, A.* This is almost a very beautiful picture. The air tone is delicious, although occasionally degenerating into haziness. There is a coolness and repose about the picture that is very pleasing. We should think the water rather cold and faint to be a portion of the blue Mediterranean, and that the general character of the picture is rather that of English than Italian coast scenery. The boat on the left of the foreground is rather hard, and the figures very inferior to the view. It is, nevertheless, an uncommon piece of painting.

12. PACKET SHIP UNITED STATES. *T.*

Pringle. Is very neatly pencilled, but after all, it is only a mere ship. A bone model, rigged with hair, is quite as pretty, and far more curious.

13. PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN. *F. S. Agate, N. A.* There is some merit in the head, although the general tone of the flesh is too pink.

14. PORTRAIT OF A LADY. *W. Page, A.* This is an old acquaintance, having received our quota of praise when exhibited last season at the Academy of Fine Arts. It has much merit, and is in very good general keeping. If our memory deceive us not, the curtain in the left hand corner has been re-touched, and not with advantage. It was a rich, heavy shadow; it is now somewhat gaudy.

15. LANDSCAPE. *W. Bayley.* Very pretty, but too minute.

16. LANDSCAPE, A VIEW FROM WEEHAWK. *G. Miller, A.* It is marvellous that so glorious a scene as this should produce so little effect on canvass. We hardly know anything in nature to compare with the view over the city and bays from the Weehawk heights, but we could recognize none of its traits in this large picture. The perspective is so faulty that it is impossible to conceive yourself on an eminence, much less a little mountain, and the coloring is in part cold and raw, and in part gaudy. The autumnal tints of the trees are only natural in being brilliant; other similarity they possess none, either to nature or to foliage.

17. PORTRAITS OF THE MISSES RUSSEL. *W. S. Mount, N. A.* Are very hard, almost wooden, though possibly very good likenesses.

18. PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN. *W. Swain.* Faulty in the same respect as the above.

19. UGOLINO. *F. S. Agate, N. A.* We would entreat Mr. Agate, if he value his reputation, to study drawing, and anatomy. There is not a solitary limb, that is not out of drawing and distorted. The left arm of Ugolino, besides being out of joint, is half a foot too short, and all the legs, arms, and hands, are more or less faulty. The children are in wonderfully good case, considering that they are dying of hunger. The coloring is bad, and the taste by which the ghost, or *quocunque alio sub nomine gaudet*, is introduced, is worse. Did Mr. Agate never see an engraving from Sir Joshua's splendid Ugolino? If not, we would advise him to see it speedily, and copy it many times, or at least study it, before he again attempt such ill-judged rivalry. We do not mean that the artist really wished to emulate the glories of a Reynolds, but we would advise him sedulously to avoid exciting comparisons which must be solely to his own disadvantage.

20. PORTRAIT OF THE REV. H. MORTON. *H. Inman, N. A.* We should have expected more than this from Mr. Inman, whom we have ever considered one of the very first of native painters. There are undoubtedly many good points about this picture, but still it is not in Inman's best manner. The line of the figure is too straight, and the blue light over one shoulder, contrasted to the crimson light above the other, is not good.

21. PORTRAIT OF A LADY. *S. Watson, N. A.* Cold and wiry, but not without some merit.

22. LANDSCAPE ON THE HUDSON. *R. W. Weir, N. A.* Is a very sweet picture. The sky is admirably painted, and the whole scenery very natural and pleasing; if there be any fault, it is that the mountains are a little cold, and the air tone deficient. It is, however, a painting that must do credit to Mr. Weir, and this is saying much.

23. FRUIT PIECE. *J. F. Hanks.* Neatly painted, but there is not enough of it. We should be inclined to call it a waste of labor.

24. PORTRAIT OF W. C. BRYANT, Esq. *J. Frothingham, N. A.* Decidedly the best portrait in the room. Very like, an admirable head, and no less excellent as a picture than as a portrait. The keeping, tone, and *chiaro scuro*, are all very good.

25. PORTRAIT OF A CHILD IN BED. *C. Mayr.* We cannot conceive a greater contrast than is afforded by these two pictures. The last all force, this all frippery. Colors gaudy—or at least glaringly ill assorted; the child out of drawing, and the head, doll-like.

26. PORTRAIT OF S. SWARTWOUT, Esq. *J. Frothingham, N. A.* Is not as good as No. 24, but displays considerable talent; we are of opinion that this artist is in a fair way to prove himself one of our best portrait painters.

27. PROTESTANT BURYING GROUND AT ROME. *T. Cole, N. A.* A very lovely picture, perfectly natural, cool, fresh, and beautiful. The right hand portion of the sky, with the crescent moon, is heavenly; the clouds on the left are not, however, quite so good in execution, though very well imagined. Perhaps the middle ground is brought a little too near the eye, so as to interfere with the general effect; but we are not certain. A picture like this must be viewed often and again, in order to form a correct judgment of its merits. It does not, however, require much discrimination to perceive that this is a beautiful and able picture.

28. HEAD OF A DEER. *T. Cole, N. A.* Very prettily finished, and very natural; if there be a fault, it is that the line of the under jaw is too straight; it appears in

this respect slightly out of drawing, which is not a common defect of Mr. Cole.

29. A COUNTRY SCHOOL HOUSE—A WINTER SCENE. *J. H. Shegog.* This little picture labors under the same disadvantage with many of its superiors. It is extremely remote from the eye, but does not appear to merit a more conspicuous situation.

30. PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN. *C. Mayr.* This artist has a wonderful power of catching a likeness, and displays some taste in his coloring; but there is a hardness of outline, which detracts very materially from his success.

31. PORTRAIT OF A LADY. *W. Swaim.* Very cold in its coloring, and somewhat hard in outline.

32. PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN. *C. Mayr.* This is another extremely striking likeness. The drawing is moreover correct, but hard and wiry.

33. PORTRAIT OF A LADY. *R. W. Weir, N. A.* A very beautiful little picture of a very beautiful woman. The tone, keeping, and drawing of this gem are perfect—no glaring colors to disturb its harmony, which is rich, but grave. The tints of the flesh are also good and natural, and far removed from the strange specimens of red and white, which are too often made to stand for that curiously mottled, and most delicate piece, of nature's handiwork.

34. PORTRAIT OF A LADY. *S. Watson.* A very pretty effect, but the coloring rather too pale.

35. THE THREE MARYS AT THE SEPULCHRE. *G. Cooke, A.* There is much ambition in this picture, and a considerable aim at effect. We think, however, the contrast of the angel's brilliancy to the surrounding darkness too abrupt. It should have mellowed down through all the stages—

From perfect glory into blackest night. Besides this, the general tone of the coloring is unnaturally blue.

36. SUNSET ON THE CATSKILL. *T. Cole, N. A.* This is a pleasing picture, although by no means equal to several others, by the same artist, in various parts of the exhibition. Mr. Cole's principal fault, or rather, the sole bar to his attaining very high eminence as a painter, is a certain mannerism, of which he can never entirely divest himself.

37. THE BREAKFAST HORN. *S. A. Mount, A.* A boy blowing a large conch shell, with several dogs leaping round him. But, alas! the dogs are very poor animals, and very different from the canine specimens into which the Landseers have infused as much intellect and countenance as into their biped masters. It is in no respect a good picture, either as regards color or drawing.

38. *Portrait of a Gentleman.* J. F. Hanks. As almost all the portraits are, this also is very hard.

39. *The Torn Hat—Portrait of Boy and Dog.* J. H. Shegog. This clever little piece is an old acquaintance. Those of our readers who wish for a detailed account, may find one in our remarks on the Academy of Fine Arts, in our first volume. The picture is a good one, but we do not approve of this plan of exhibiting pictures alternately, in the two rival institutions.

40. *Portrait of a Lady.* C. Mayr. This is harder and less successful than most of this artist's portraits.

41. *The Titan's Goblet.* T. Cole, N. A. We were, in truth, somewhat puzzled at the name of this picture, and confess ourselves to be much more puzzled, now that we have seen it. It is well painted—the mountains in the back ground, by which we measure the capacity of the goblet, particularly so—but the conception we do not at all admire; it is merely, and gratuitously, fantastical.

42. *Small portrait of a Gentleman.* S. A. Mount, A. By no means deficient in merit. It is near being a clever thing.

43. *Hell-gate, from Ward's Island, looking towards New York.* G. Cooke, A. We have seen Hell-gate often and again,—are widely awake to all its beauties,—but we never saw them, under any atmospheric influences, look the least like this gaudy assortment of colors. It is a thousand pities that Mr. Cooke should persist in injuring his own reputation, and destroying his pictures, by heaping and huddling every color of the rainbow, and many more besides, upon his canvass, which is equally the case, whether he paints portraits or landscapes.

44. *Eddie Ochiltree, a head.* S. Watson. A very good effect, and altogether rather clever.

45. *Portrait of a Gentleman.* J. Whitehorne. A commonplace likeness enough. It is much to be regretted that artists will not pay more attention to the keeping and general effect of their portraits, which, at present, they, for the most part, entirely overlook.

46. *Portrait of Mr. G. Jones, in the character of Carwin,—from J. H. Payne's Play of Therese.* A. Smith, A. The coloring is cold, the outlines hard, and the tout ensemble almost a failure.

47. *Portrait of an Infant.* J. Gauntt. This picture is spoiled by the gaudiness of its coloring.

48. *Italian Landscape.* Mrs. A. E. Some of the effects of this picture are very true, and the general keeping good. The rusty red sunlight, modified in its tints, according to the colors of the walls, the trees, or the rocks, on which it sleeps, is particularly well imagined.

49. *Long Island Farmer husking corn.* W. S. Mount, N. A. This is a singular little picture, and by no means devoid of merit. All the drawing is good, and the details are elaborated with Flemish precision and minuteness. The coloring is also chaste, and perfectly natural; but there is a rigidity about the figure, and a hardness,—an absence of air-tone, which prevents the picture from being, what it very nearly approaches, eminently beautiful.

50. *Boy on the Fence.* W. S. Mount, N. A. This picture has some of the beauties, and all of the faults of the last, in a higher degree. The principal figure, being backed by the sky, is brought into a relief which exaggerates the hardness of the outline,—still it is, in many respects, clever.

51. *Landscape.* A. B. Durand, N. A. This is one of the very best paintings in the room. Nay, more—it is a picture, the presence of which, with some two or three equally capital companions, is alone able to constitute the excellence of a gallery. Where all is beautiful, it is not easy to select particular portions, but we cannot resist specifying the lovely group of feathered trees which fills the centre, or calling the attention of our readers to the delicate aerial perspective, which alone can make a flat canvass stand forth into assured reality; and on which Mr. Durand has bestowed all his talents, with splendid success.

52. *Portrait of a Lady.* G. Winter. This is another picture, which, with many good points, both of drawing and color, cannot be said to rise to more than comparative excellence.

53. *Full length of Gov. Throop.* R. W. Weir, N. A. This is, by far, the least good of Mr. Weir's paintings in the present exhibition; but in truth, a man in a suit of black clothes, standing upright in the middle of a room, is not the best subject whereon to display talent. The tone and coloring of the picture is good, if we except a blot of crimson, a seal we believe, that, not being carried round by the introduction of the same color elsewhere, strikes the eye as a glaring spot. The figure is not a little stiff.

54. *Tornado.* G. Miller, A. Very odd, and rather clever. The whole area of the canvass covered with a mass of shattered trees, torn down by the storm, and heaped in ruin, while a torrent is laboring to force its way through the wreck. It is well colored.

55. *Portrait of the Rev. Wm. Jackson.* G. Winter. There is an indistinctness in this picture, which, though widely differing from, is no less offensive than, its opposite defect of hardness.

56. *Portraits of a lady and two children.* G. Cooke, A. As usual, the contrast is

here produced, not by light and shade, but by clashing colors. Mr. Cooke will do well to avoid the use of such a variety of strong and brilliant tints hereafter, and he may rely upon it, that, if he will take our advice, he will speedily reap its fruits, in an increase of reputation.

57. *Portrait of a Lady sleeping.* C. Flagg. There is much originality and some merit in this picture. We have learned, since writing our notice of another picture by the same artist, that he is very young, and that these are his *coups d'essai* in the fine arts. We bid him "*macte tuâ virtute puer*," and wish him much success; but we are inclined to think that he will achieve it more readily by adopting a simpler and less meretricious style of coloring.

58. *The Minstrel returned from the War.* W. Page. This is a clever little sketch by a very promising young artist. There are some slight defects; as for instance,—the kneeling figure is too rectilinear, and the blue lining of the drapery overhead is too abrupt, and almost constitutes a patch, but the picture is nevertheless clever.

59. *Landscape.* W. M. Oddie. This is a very clever landscape indeed. Mr. Oddie is, we believe, an amateur; he bids fair to become an excellent artist. The coast scene—No. 12—is from the same hand, a painting of no common order, but this is far superior. We could wish that the crimson jacket on one of the figures had been omitted, it glares unpleasantly upon the eye.

60. *Sea Piece.* J. Pringle. It is to be regretted that this picture is so hard, as it is well conceived, and would otherwise deserve much praise.

61. *Sailors playing at Cards.* J. Thompson. The drawing of this picture is terribly faulty. Our artists do not pay nearly enough attention to this all important part of their profession. No painting, however beautiful in its details, merits the slightest praise if the drawing be false.

62. *Portrait of L. Da Ponte.* P. Copmann. A very clever likeness of the venerable Italian; it is among the best portraits of the exhibition.

63. *Portrait of a Gentleman.* J. H. Kimberly.

64. *John Shepard, Esq.* S. A. Mount, A. Neither of these pictures are in any respect above par.

65. *Landscape.* W. Bayley. This is not a very successful specimen.

66. *Composition.* W. B. Oddie. We suspect that there may be a false print here, and that we ought to read *W. M.*; still we have certain misgivings that it is not by the same hand as Nos. 12 and 59, for we look in vain in the present in-

stance for the great beauty which a single glance discovered in the others.

67. *Portrait of a Lady.* J. Freeman, N. A. A face of singular and sweet loveliness. It is also well painted, the head particularly, the flesh well colored, and the whole very harmonious. There is something wrong in the throat, an improper projection that looks almost like a *goitre*; this is the more to be regretted, as it constitutes a defect in what would be otherwise a most beautiful painting.

68. *Full length Portrait of a Lady.* S. F. B. Morse, P. N. A. This has, a good deal, the character of a Flemish painting, with its high finish and elaborate details. It is not quite, and yet comes very near to being, an uncommonly good picture.

69. *Portrait of Ex-President Madison.* A. B. Durand. We have seen many heads by this clever artist, which we should prefer to that before us. Durand can do nothing without talent, but this is not one of his happiest efforts.

70. *Portrait of Wm. Fuller, Esq.* J. Whitehorne, N. A. Not a picture of a high order.

71. *The Tyrolien Kirchweihfest, commonly called Kiermess, a feast customary among the common people of Germany.* J. Petzl. If Mr. Petzl be a boy, he had better learn to draw, and at least exhibit no painting till he have learnt the rudiments; if he have arrived at maturity, we fear that he will learn that painting is not his line.

72. *Portrait of a Girl and Dove.* J. H. Shogog. We cannot recognize the artist of the Torn Hat in the present weak and gaudy piece.

73. *West Point, from below Fort Putnam.* G. Cooke, A. The remarks which were elicited from us by the view of Hell Gate, will all apply with full force to this picture likewise.

74. *Portrait of a Lady.* J. F. Hanks. Whatever other merits this picture may possess, they are strangely defaced by its hardness. It is singular that, out of ten portraits, scarcely one can be found that is not as stiff and hard as a wooden statue.

75. *Ariel.* C. Ingham, N. A. Mr. Ingham is one of our best portrait painters, but here he has very grievously disappointed us. Ariel is understood to be a portrait of a distinguished vocalist, the charms of whose person, if inferior, are only inferior to those of her own sweet voice. We looked, therefore, to have found Ariel a personification of grace and beauty, and alas! we find neither. In the features there may perhaps be some resemblance, but the elegant air with which the head of the fair original is set on, is entirely lost in the portrait. The limbs, the lower limbs in particular, are coarse,

strong, and muscular, so much so that we imagine that a male model must have been chosen from which to design. The arms are lean and angular, the right arm peculiarly so, which, as it is raised above her head, instead of exhibiting the graceful curve that has been designated as the line of beauty, is distorted into a sharp and painful angle at the elbow. There is, moreover, nothing in the least degree sprightly or aerial in any part of the figure, which is moreover colored gaudily and in bad taste; the scanty drapery, of an ochre yellow, does not float on the air in graceful folds, but is stiff and solid; the flowers of every striking hue, which are scattered in gorgeous profusion over the foreground, are very injurious to the effect of the picture, and to the unity of the subject. We lament the small justice that Mr. Ingham has done to his fair subject, and to his own reputation.

76. *Turk*. C. Mayr. A little gaudily dressed, squat figure, smoking his pipe under an alcove; there is not much point in the conception, or merit in the execution.

77. *Mother and Child*. W. S. Mount, N. A. A very pretty, though slight and rather unfinished sketch.

78. *Landscape*. T. Cole, N. A.

It is the hour when from the boughs

The nightingale's high note is heard;

It is the hour when lover's vows

Seem sweet in every whispered word;

And gentle winds and waters near,

Make music to the lonely ear.

Each flower the dews have lightly wet,

And in the sky the stars have met,

And on the wave is deeper blue,

And on the leaves a browner hue,

And in the heaven that clear obscure

So softly dark, and darkly pure,

Which follows the decline of day,

As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

BYRON.

This is decidedly the *chef d'œuvre*, the gem, of the exhibition. The lines which we have quoted above are a picture, the picture which is designed from them is poetry. The coolness, keeping, freshness, and nature, of the painting, are inimitable. It is not possible to look upon the picture without feeling the very sensations, which creep into our hearts as we muse beneath an evening sky, steal over us; the tender melancholy, "the glorious sympathy with suns that set," the inclination of the spirit to love and to devotion, are all called forth as we gaze upon this lovely creation of the poet's and the painter's fancy. Criticism is at fault for words—the picture almost defies both praise and censure; from the distant mountains, the glassy surface of the water, and the brown trees, to the

rich foreground, all is perfection—all except the fire light in the tower. It is true that this reflection of red light, subdued and harmonious as it is, affords a beautiful contrast to the blue moonbeam, perhaps by its warmth it even adds to the coolness of the conflicting lustre; still it is at variance with the character of the piece, we want no light to tell us of the dwellings of men; we would be alone with our fancies; and aught that tends, however slightly, to diminish the delusion, even though it increase the merits of the picture, instead of augmenting them, must be held a defect rather than a merit. We conceive this picture to be Mr. Cole's *chef d'œuvre*, at the least we have seen nothing that can in the least degree compare with it. Whoever shall hereafter become its owner, will possess a picture of rare, and on this side the Atlantic, unsurpassed excellence.

(To be continued.)

SCULPTURE.—*My Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman*.—Ball Hughes. Academy of the Fine Arts. It was with the highest degree of admiration that we visited this noble spectacle. Hughes has ever been with us a favorite. He is unquestionably the first sculptor in America—one of the first, any where. This exquisite group is his master-piece; and, had it been his single effort in the art, would have stamped him as a worker in marble, surpassed only by a Westmacott, a Chantrey, or a Nollekins. It is a most superb effort, both of poetical creation, and of mechanical execution. We have, at this moment, two distinct works of art, both of singular beauty, and both original, on the same subject. The statues, by Hughes, and an engraving, from Leslie. To the former we unhesitatingly assign the palm, as the nobler, the more beautiful, and the loftier, creation. There is, in the statues, no burlesque—nothing little or ludicrous. My Uncle Toby is a gentleman of the old school—he is the bland, urbane, and polished veteran—no less accustomed to courts than to camps—and the Widow is as lovely a female form as ever breathed in marble. Her sylph-like figure is thrown somewhat backwards, while she leans towards my uncle—one arm, raised in a beautiful curve above her head, indicates the cause of her complaint—while the other has fallen, in the unguarded freedom of the moment, on the old soldier's knee. Her upturned face, with the very slightest smile of archness on her lips, is the very *beau idéal* of female beauty—her widow's cap, confining her luxuriant locks in partial durance—one having escaped from its restraint, wantons at pleasure down her smooth neck—being the only symp-

tom which indicates the beautiful girl, for she is scarcely more, to be a widow. The exquisite moulding of her bust, the easy flow of the drapery, partially revealing the line of her lower limbs—one resting the point of a tiny foot upon the steps of the sentry box—the other, protruding in dangerous proximity to the veteran's knee, are all in the very highest manner of the art. The male figure is not less excellent—we are not sure, that the head is not superior—the broad intellectual brow—the full benevolent eye—the bland expression of every feature—speak to us as plainly as the words of Sterne—revealing, at a glance, the character of the man. His body is drawn up in a fine military position, without the slightest stiffness—one arm passing behind the widow's waist, the other resting on his still muscular thigh. His head bent slightly forward, to mark the cause of his sweet companion's discomposure, not rudely thrust into her face, is perfectly dignified and classic. He is the perfect polished gentleman, who, though he may be forced into ludicrous circumstances, can never be graceless, much less, ridiculous. He now gazes steadily, and evidently with pleasurable emotions, into the upturned orbs of the widow, and we detect, in the slight smile that plays about his parted lips, that he is at once "fooled to the top of his bent," and conscious that he is so; while he finds it impossible to withdraw his eyes from the fascination of the syren at his side. So much for the conception. With regard to the execution, we can only say, that we studied the group long and attentively—that we walked round it—viewed it in every light and in every different aspect—and could discover no blemish. This is, indeed, a rare occurrence. The most brilliant pieces of modern sculpture are rarely exempt from some error against proportion—some ungraceful line, in one or other point of view; but as far as we understand the mechanism of the "human form divine," there is not a solitary failing in this admirable specimen, to detract from its high merit.

Sincerely, therefore, do we congratulate Mr. Hughes on his almost unexampled success. We dare affirm, the present group to be the finest piece of sculpture that has ever been produced in the United States—and that very few such have been called out of the shapeless block, in any country of the globe, within the latter centuries. We trust sincerely, that the success reaped by the artist will be proportionate to the talents he has displayed, and sufficient to induce him to continue an ornament to the arts of his adopted country.

National Portrait Gallery of distinguished Americans, No. XI. We have received another specimen of this meritorious publication, and have great pleasure in testifying to its excellence. The present number contains three plates—Aaron Ogden, painted and engraved by A. B. Durand; James Fennimore Cooper, by Jarvis and Scriven; and the Rev. Timothy Dwight, by Colonel Trumbull and E. B. Forrest. The engraving by Durand is exquisite, and evidently from a painting of equal merit. All the engravings published in this collection from the *burin* of Durand have been good—have been the leading attractions which the work possessed. This, we are of opinion, is the best; superior even to the admirable portrait of Judge Marshall from a painting by Inman. One advantage Mr. Durand has probably had in the present instance over any of his former works, that the picture was painted for the express purpose of becoming a study for the *burin*, and by a person qualified beyond all others to decide on the peculiar properties most necessary for his purpose.

Nothing can be more delicate than the flesh, or more able than the expression. The whole, too, is in the most perfect, and at the same time, simplest, relief,—the head standing out from the deep shadowing of the back ground as though it were actually alive. The other plates are not nearly equal to this, which we are inclined to view as the master-piece of the collection. In the first place, we are not admirers of stippled engravings, and in the second we do not think either of these particularly well executed in their line. That of Dwight is remarkably stiff, and hard in the cutting. The present number, moreover, contains some very interesting facts, not, we believe, previously known, concerning the lamented death of André. It seems that Mr. Ogden was despatched with a flag of truce, on some pretext or other, to the British lines; with private instructions to seek an opportunity for whispering to the British commander that André would be instantly released, if Sir Henry Clinton could by any means cause the traitor Arnold to fall into the hands of his countrymen. The answer was laconically, but we think correctly, made, *That a deserter was never given up*, and thus the innocent man was allowed to perish miserably, while the guilty escaped uninjured. The anecdote is important, as proving that the American officers were inclined to do all in their power for the unhappy man who had fallen a victim to a mistaken sense of duty: but if we are expected to condemn the conduct of Sir Henry Clinton for not violating his faith to Arnold, traitor and

scoundrel as he was, we must at once dissent. The crime of the wretch had been committed expressly for the benefit of the British government, and he had thrown himself on British honor for protection. To have delivered him up openly, would have been contrary to the laws alike of policy, of honor, and of war; and to have expended him would have been, perhaps, a baser, because an underhand alternative. The course of Clinton was clear. Painful, it is true, but clear. He might regret, he could not preserve his friend and fellow-soldier, at the expense of his country's honor, pledged—indirectly it is true—but still pledged, to a confiding although guilty fugitive.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

New Publications. It is truly gratifying to see that in these times of pecuniary difficulty, and political excitement, the Harpers are still continuing in their useful course; diffusing information at every step, and bringing down that knowledge, which was formerly confined to sages and to statesmen, to the reach of the poorest and humblest individuals. We are in our present number so much curtailed in the space usually allotted to the consideration of new and useful publications, by the necessity of going into a detail of the pictures exhibited at Clinton Hall, that we are obliged to defer to a future occasion very many well worthy of a present notice. On two or three of more than ordinary merit, we will at once proceed to give our fair opinion.

Life of Peter the Great. No. 55 of *Harper's Family Library*. Rather, perhaps, a collection of the best anecdotes, many of them new, concerning this wonderful man, than a connected history,—this is one of the most entertaining works we have ever read. Nothing, perhaps, gives us an opportunity of forming so clear an estimate of character, as these anecdotes of conduct, habit, and manners, under peculiar and widely different circumstances; and therefore we should give the preference to this little work over the more elaborate history of Voltaire. When we have said that it is ably done, we have said all that is necessary; for who can for an instant doubt but that the life of such a man as the Tzar Peter—a man among the most extraordinary the world has ever produced, must be replete with funds of information and interest? and in fact the life of Peter is such a medley of strange adventures, interesting passages, natural virtues, and incidental vices, as no romance can display. All who would wish to understand the means by which a single man "gave polish to his nation, and was himself a savage,"—how, uneducated himself, he estimated at a glance the value of education,

and made a horde of unlettered and uncivilized barbarians at once into one of the mightiest European empires, will do well to peruse this little work, and, our lives on it, they will not repent the time so well employed.

History of Arabia. Nos. 67, 68, 69, of *Harper's Family Library*. A good history of the interesting regions comprised under the name of Arabia has long been a desideratum; and here, we are inclined to think, the want is fully supplied. The cradle of Christianity, the yet earlier nurse of magic lore, the birth-place of Mahommed, the country of the Koran, the land which sent forth its fiery zealots to overrun a hemisphere, exterminating ancient customs and established creeds, and which yet opposes a slowly vanquished opposition to the progress of Gospel wisdom, is indeed a subject for much meditation to the sage, the scholar, the moralist, and the philosopher. We have not yet had time to give that full examination to the *History of Arabia*, which is of course essential to the formation of a sound judgment. Some parts, however, we have slightly skimmed, and have seen enough to justify our saying some words of praise. The consideration of the Koran,—the Moorish conquest of the Gothic kings of Spain,—and the account of the singular heresy of the Wahabees, display so much of research, mingled with interest, and detailed in graphic writing, that we have no fear in recommending the work strongly to the attention of all our readers. It is our present intention to enter into a thorough examination of its pages, with such selections as may appear to us most calculated to amuse and to instruct, for our succeeding number.

Kay's Travels and Researches in Caffraria. New York, Harper & Brothers. We confess ourselves disappointed in this work. We are disposed to pay the utmost veneration to those men, who, devoting themselves to the propagation of religion, break through all the fetters of attachment and social love, to plunge into desert regions, amongst wild beasts and wilder men—the heralds of the living God. We could wish, however, that in detailing an account of travels and researches, they would be content to let us give the praise, without raising perpetual pæans of self-gratulation. The fact is, that the book before us contains but little of travel, and still less of research; the author is evidently no proficient in those sciences which are requisite to make an intelligent traveller—such as botany, geology, mineralogy, or natural history. He is, moreover, so much prejudiced against the poor natives by the simple fact of their being heathens, that he can see nothing but this one fact. In truth, although we doubt not Mr. Kay's sincerity and good spirit, we dislike his canting manner, and above all, his perpetual straining after some singular occurrence, which he may represent as a miracle, or a judgment, or a manifest interposition. When called upon to believe in the general

government of an overruling God, in the immutable truth and boundless love of his dispensations towards mankind, we yield a hearty and sincere assent. But when we are asked to believe that the Almighty changed the disposition of a ravenous lion, because an ignorant Hottentot ignorantly called upon his name, we can only lament the perversion of intellect, which sees a miracle where miracles have ceased to be. That the Almighty made the lion, gave him his freakish disposition, now playful as a kitten, now the fiercest of the forest rangers, is indisputable and most wonderful; and that by means of the gifts which he had bestowed upon the beast of the desert, he saved the man, we are ready to admit. But, that, having created means, the Allwise is perpetually altering the immutable nature of those means, to produce such effects as may suit the will of every one who "saith unto him, Lord, Lord," we absolutely deny.

We despise and hate any thing and every thing in the shape of cant; and, though there are many things valuable in the work, still it is so overloaded by cant, produced almost to profanity, that we confess ourselves disgusted at the book.

Complete Works of Virgil—Translated by Wrangham, Sotheby, and Dryden, making vols. 11 and 12 of Harpers' Family Library, Classical Series. This work is, in our opinion, the best of the series hitherto published; and, although it be, in the highest degree, an arduous task, to render the true spirit of a classical author into a language so widely differing from the original, as English does from Latin,—we have yet no hesitation in saying that as true an estimate may be made of Virgil's merits from the present version, as it is possible for any one to form, who is not himself conversant with the dead languages. The *Æneid* by Dryden has long been held up to fame as a model for translation; in this dictum we are, however, so far from coinciding, that we should give the palm without a moment's hesitation, to either of the authors, whose names are prefixed to the present notice, rather than to "Glorious John." That Dryden's Virgil—as it is usually termed—or Dryden's *Æneid*, as it should be more properly denominated, is a beautiful model for harmonious versification, correct English, and nervous language, we willingly admit—but as a translation, it is undoubtedly somewhat overlax to meet our ideas of excellence. We moderns have a great advantage over our ancestors of the Augustan age of Ann and George the First, in point of scholarship at least, if not of poetry. Translators were content in those days to make acquaintance with their authors by means of a literal prose version, which, after being carefully reduced into English, was submitted at third hand to the labors of the versifier. At the present day, no writer of celebrity would risk his fame on a translation, unless he were secure in his knowledge of the original; and hence, if our versions are less elaborate, less exqui-

site in high-wrought polish, they are far superior in raciness and vigor. Wrangham, the translator of the *Eclogues*, is a man of decided talent, a thorough scholar, and a neat and finished writer of his own language. Sotheby is superior to any writer of the day in the art of transfusing other tongues into English, that shall give every minute turn of thought, and lose no particle of the force of his original, though it shall at the same time be perfectly sweet, idiomatic, and correct. His Homer is as far superior to that of Pope or Cowper, when compared with the Greek Epic, as the Greek itself to Sotheby's version. Yet after ages will read Pope's Homer,—in all respects a vapid, loose, and incorrect translation, however many beauties it may possess as a poem,—when the name of Sotheby shall be forgotten. Such is the justice, such the impartiality of fame! His *Georgics* are no less able than his *Iliad*, and we do not doubt an instant but that the Messrs. Harpers will reap a rich reward for their indefatigable labors in the cause of literature, from the gratitude of their fellow-citizens.

ÆSOP, JUNIOR, IN AMERICA.—Published by Mahlon Day, 374 Pearl-st. New-York. The above is the title of a neat little book, recently published in this city,—“written especially,”—as the title page hath it,—“for the people of the United States of North America.” We have not had, altogether, so much leisure to bestow on this prettily got up work, as it would seem to merit—our examination having, as yet, proceeded little further than the title page, and the index of contents. The former is faced by an engraving, entitled the “Chief of the Patriot Host,” who is represented as seated on a bench, within view of a pleasant mansion—Mount Vernon, we presume—surrounded by sundry foxes and other animals, both domestic and *feræ natura*. Struck by the originality of this design, we looked somewhat eagerly to the index, for a solution of the mystery; but, alas! although it contains the pithy titles of no less than seventy and seven fables, there is no allusion whatsoever to the “Chief of the Patriot Host.” We cannot conceive that General Washington was, in truth, the author of *Æsop, Junior*, although we know not what other opinion we are at liberty to form, from his auctorial juxtaposition to the place of honor; and we trust, that, in the second edition, which must speedily follow the first, this mysterious circumstance will be fully explained. Had the portrait been that of some of our crafty and intriguing politicians, the macchiavellis of the United States, we might have formed a conjecture as to the close alliance between the biped and the quadruped of the vulpine species. But we are aware of no foxish traits in the character of the first President, to justify this singular accompaniment. We have, it is true, cast our eyes over the *morals* of a few of these fables, and fear that they will be considered rather trite, than terse.

THE DRAMA.

Park Theatre. Much has been doing lately at this theatre; since our last appearance, the Woods have been delighting the ears of all sorts and conditions of men with their ravishing harmony. Of them it is useless to speak, for our opinions of the lady have been too often and too fully given as the first vocalist of the English world, to need a repetition. Robert the Devil was got up with a strong cast for the Park, the stock company of which are not very powerful in melody, and with truly splendid scenery; the scene in the abbey yard was especially thrilling in its effect. It is peculiar to Power and to the Woods, that like all good things, they improve upon acquaintance, and that their last appearance is still the most admired, and the most popular. The joyous comedian, whom we named above, has, we rejoice to inform our readers, met with even more than wonted success among the Pennsylvanians; when we last heard of him, he was occupying all the time that could be spared from politics, in bringing merriment and laughter to "the potent, grave, and reverend seigniors" of the far-famed Washington; and we believe he may be expected, ere long, to bless our longing ears with his magnificent brogue in our own metropolis.

During the last engagement of the Kembles, we have been only enabled to spare time to ourselves once, to enjoy the richly intellectual treat of witnessing their elaborate and chaste performance. It was in parts new to us, as connected with these gifted individuals, that it fell to our lot to see them,—Cardinal Wolsey and Queen Katharine,—and much as we admire the talents of Mr. Kemble and his admired daughter, we must confess that we were not gratified to the extent of our expectations. It might be, that the glorious personification of this character by John Kemble, and the memory of the unrivalled Siddons—even when her powers were impaired by the blighting touch of age, as they were when we beheld her—were too strong, too fresh, in our minds, to permit our full enjoyment of—perhaps, our doing

complete justice—to the performance of our brilliant visitors. The character of Wolsey, as a part adapted to the closet, is unequalled—for eloquence, for truth, for beauty of language, it stands alone, even in Shakespeare's varied pages—but as a character for the stage, there is, perhaps, too much of sameness and soliloquy to allow it to engross as large a share of popular attention, as some of his more bustling and lively personifications.

But, in truth, we did not admire Mr. Kemble's conception of the part. There was too much cant—too much whining, and dejection. If we are not mistaken, his delineation of the Cardinal was rather that of an hypocrite than of a penitent—and here, we think, he erred. It is true, that the bursts of native vehemence came forth with greater effect from the contrast—that when he raised his tottering form erect—stretched forth his palsied hands, fixed, and no longer themselves, from the force of indignation—and thundered forth his answering taunt,—"*Proud Lord, thou liest*,"—the effect on the audience was electric. Still, we cannot admire the general tone—and, at times, the attempt at giving the external signs of physical weakness, were overdone, and painful. Parts of Miss Kemble's acting, were, as it ever must be, glorious; but in her last scene, her voice was scarcely audible. On the whole, they were better supported in Henry the Eighth, than we have seen them in any other part. Harrison was a very respectable Henry—the violent and energetic parts were powerfully and spiritedly given,—and if, at times, the familiarity of the king degenerated into want of dignity, we must remember, that of all things, whether on the stage or in the routine of daily existence, it is the most difficult to condescend with dignity, and to descend without degradation.

A new Burlesque, entitled, "*Life in New York*," has been put forth at the Bowery, but the accounts we have received from friends, on whose opinions we rely, have not been sufficiently favorable to induce us to witness it. Unless extremely witty, such things are, in our estimation, intolerably dull!

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is particularly requested by the Proprietors of the American Monthly Magazine, that those of their patrons who have changed, or are about to change their residences at the present season, will have the goodness to notify the same to the Editor, 74 Mercer-st. at their earliest convenience—as much confusion must otherwise, it is feared, result in the course of delivery.

Contributors to the A. M. M. are respectfully informed, that all papers intended for insertion, in the succeeding numbers, must be furnished to the Editor, on or before the tenth day of the month preceding that in which they are to appear,—as otherwise they must be unavoidably postponed.